

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume VI, No. 4

JANUARY, 1923

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
One Dollar and Half Per Year

2 SECTIONS

SECTION 1



ALS 21.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Effective January 1, 1923

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS TRADEMARK?

All Official Uniforms and equipment now have this Label



LOOK FOR IT AND MAKE SURE YOUR UNIFORM IS CORRECT

UNIFORMS

	Size	Price		Size	Price
LONG COAT Rm	10-18	\$3.50	HATS, Officers	7½-8	\$3.50
	38-42	4.00	HATS, Scout	6½-8	1.50
Ready to Sew	38-42	3.25	CANVAS LEGGINS, Pair		1.00
SHORT COAT SUIT	10-18	4.50	WEB BELT	28-38	.60
Ready made	38-42	5.00	Leather for officers	28-38	2.50
Ready to Sew	10-18	3.75	MIDDY—Official khaki	38-42	1.75
	38-42	4.25	¶ NECKERCHIEFS, each40
SKIRT (extra) Rm	10-18	2.00	Black Silk		2.00
	38-42	2.50	PUTTEES, Women's sizes		3.00
Ready to Sew	10-18	1.50	Girl's sizes		2.00
	38-42	2.00	SWEATER—Slip-over type	32-40	6.50
BLOOMERS, Rm	10-42	2.25	Coat type	32-40	7.50
Ready to Sew	10-42	1.50	WATERPROOF COATS		7.00
NORFOLK SUITS—Officers:			WATERPROOF CAPES		7.00
Khaki, light weight	34-42	7.00	¶Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, yellow.		
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00			
Serge	34-42	35.00			

BADGES

x ATTENDANCE STARS			x * MEDAL OF MERIT	\$1.00
Gold	\$0.20		x PROFICIENCY BADGES15
Silver15		x SECOND CLASS BADGE15
x FIRST CLASS BADGE25		x * THANKS BADGE	
x FLOWER CRESTS15		Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00
x * LIFE SAVING CROSSES			Gold Plate Pins75
Silver	1.75		Silver Plate75
Bronze	1.50			

PINS

x BROWNIE	\$0.25	x LAPELS—G. S.—Bronze	\$0.50
x CAPTAIN'S50	x TENDERFOOT PINS	
x COMMITTEE75	10K Gold (safety catch)	2.50
x * COMMUNITY SERVICE25	Gold Filled (safety catch)75
x * GOLDEN EAGLET	1.50	New plain type15
		Old style plain pin08

INSIGNIA

x ARMBAND	\$0.15	x HAT INSIGNIA (for Captain's hat)	\$0.50
x CORPORAL CHEVRON10	x LAPELS—G. S., for Scouts20
CUFF LINKS, pair	1.25	x PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON15
x EX-PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON20		

SPECIAL NOTE

These prices are subject to change without notice

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

STANDARD PRICE LIST CONTINUED

LITERATURE

	Price		Price
BROWNIE BOOKS	\$0.25	PATROL REGISTER, each	\$0.15
* BLUE BOOK OF RULES25	PATROL SYSTEM FOR GIRL GUIDES25
CAMPWARD HO!75	PLAY (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)15
CAPTAIN'S FIELD NOTEBOOK	1.25	In lots of 10 or more10
FIRST AID BOOK—		POST CARDS—	
General Edition50	Set of six10
Woman's Edition25	1 doz. sets	1.00
GIRL GUIDE BOOK OF GAMES50	Single cards02
HEALTH RECORD BOOKS, each.....	.10	POSTERS—Girl Scout25
Per dozen	1.00	Set of seven illustrating Scout Activities	6.85
HANDBOOK, CLOTH BOARD COVER	1.00	SIGNAL CHARTS15
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Lots of 10 or more10
English Girl Guide.....	.75	SCOUT MASTERSHIP	1.50
* INTRODUCTORY TRAINING		TROOP REGISTER	2.00
COURSE15	Additional Sheets	
MEASUREMENT CARDS05	Individual Record03
A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT50	Attendance Record03
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Cash Record03

SONGS

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL	\$0.05	GIRL SCOUT SONG SHEET	\$0.04
ENROLLMENT10	Lots of 10 or more03
EVERYBODY OUGHT TO BE A		GOODNIGHT15
SCOUT15	OH, BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY05*
FIRST NATIONAL TRAINING		ON THE TRAIL:	
SCHOOL25	Piano edition60
GIRL GUIDE60	Midget Size05
GIRL SCOUT SONGS		Lots of 10 or more02
Vocal Booklet10	ONWARD10
Piano Edition30	TO AMERICA25
		BE PREPARED. Girl Guide Song.....	.35

MISCELLANEOUS EQUIPMENT

AXE, with sheath	\$1.50	PATTERNS—Coat, Skirt	
BLANKET	4.50	or Bloomers, 10-42	\$0.15
BUGLE	3.50	Norfolk Suit, 34-4225
BRAID—¼-in. wide, yd.10	PONCHO (45x72)	3.25
x BUTTONS—Per set25	" (60x82)	4.50
10s—6 1 to set—doz. sets	2.75	RINGS, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
CANTEEN, Aluminum	2.75	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Tin	1.50	ROPE, 4 ft. by ¼ in.15
COMPASS, Plain	1.00	Lots of 5 or more, each10
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
FIRST AID KIT WITH POUCH	1.25	SERGE. O. D., 54 in. wide, per yd.	4.50
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra.....	.50	SEWING KIT, Tin Case25
FIRST AID KIT, No. 1.....	2.80	Aluminum Case50
HANDKERCHIEFS		SCOUT STATIONERY50
With Girl Scout emblem:		STOCKINGS, wool sizes 8-11	2.00
Linen40	Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Cotton25	SUN WATCH	1.00
HAVERSACKS, No. 1	2.75	THREAD, Khaki spool15
No. 2 with Shoulder Straps	1.75	Per doz. spools	1.20
Shoulder Straps per pr.25	WHISTLES20
x KHAKI, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	WRIST WATCH, Radiolite.....	4.00
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide55		
KNIVES, No. 1	1.50		
No. 2	1.00		
MESS KITS, No. 1 Alum. 6 pcs.....	3.50		
No. 1, Tin	2.50		
No. 2, Tin	1.75		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published Monthly by

National Headquarters Girl Scouts

Incorporated

189 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Price, 15c a copy; \$1.50 per year. Canadian postage, 25c; foreign, 50c additional.

Entered as second-class matter August 11, 1922 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized Nov. 17, 1921.



NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

Honorary President, MRS. WARREN G. HARDING
Honorary Vice-President, MRS. WOODROW WILSON
Founder MRS. JULIETTE LOW

OFFICERS

Mrs. Herbert Hoover President
Mrs. James J. Storrow First Vice-President
Mrs. Arthur O. Choate Second Vice-President
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald Third Vice-President
Mrs. William S. Sims Fourth Vice-President
Mrs. E. M. Swift Fifth Vice-President
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady Treasurer
Mrs. V. Everit Macy, Chairman Executive Board
Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin Director
Counsel, Mr. Douglas Campbell

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Miss Sarah Louise Arnold Miss E. Gwen Martin
Mrs. Leo Arnstein Mrs. Wm. G. McAdoo
Mrs. Seldon Bacon Mrs. Robert G. Mende
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady Miss Llewellyn Parsons
Mrs. Fred'k H. Brooke Mrs. Harold I. Pratt
Mrs. Francis K. Carey Mrs. Theodore H. Price
Mr. Francis F. Dodge Mrs. W. N. Rothschild
Mrs. Frederick Edey Mrs. A. Clifford Shinkle
Mrs. Arthur W. Hartt Mrs. Charles Welch
Mrs. V. Everit Macy Mrs. Percy H. Williams

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON
Consulting Editor

EDITH CURTISS HIXON
Editor

BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY
LOUISE STEVENS BRYANT
KATHERINE DABNEY INGLE
Editors, Field News Section

Vol. VI JANUARY, 1923 No. 4

New Year Resolutions

THE New Year is always the time for new resolutions, new plans and new hopes. THE AMERICAN GIRL is going to take this opportunity of telling you a few of hers!

To begin with, she has resolved to give the Girl Scouts the best girls' magazine possible: a magazine that will appeal more and more to our friends who are not Scouts—or, not yet Scouts, shall we say? For we hope that lots of girls who will enjoy the fiction, the helpful Party Page, with its bright ideas, and the tempting advertisements, directed to girls' interest and wants everywhere, will become interested in the jolly Scout pictures and the Scout letters of amusing

happenings here and abroad, and decide to join us. We have resolved to discover new authors and illustrators and to inspire them to give us more thrilling adventures than ever.

We are planning to include more and more features contributed by the girls themselves. More snapshots, and verses, and suggestions for raising troop funds, and adding spice and wit-sharpening to Scout hikes, and variety and interest to rallies. We are sure that plenty of bright Scouts have plenty of bright ideas on these lines, and we suggest that Scouts who notice faults or lacks in any of these activities, even if they can't suggest the remedies, should give us their idea of the weak spots: maybe some clever Captain or Lieutenant or Patrol Leader can think up the answer! So tell THE AMERICAN GIRL your troubles and see if she can't find somebody to help you, out of her big family!

Now for our New Year's hopes. We hope to grow bigger and bigger, but we also hope to grow cheaper and cheaper! This sounds very queer, but it is nevertheless quite possible. The more subscribers to the magazine we get, the more advertising we get; and the more advertising we get, the more money we get; and the more money we get, the easier we can pay our bills for paper, printing, etc., and the less we shall be obliged to charge the Scouts for the magazine. Isn't that reasonable?

So if you want to pay less for your copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL, get as many of your friends as you can to subscribe for it, take out an extra subscription in your troop, to lend around, and we will help you all we can by reducing the price at the first possible moment.

And as soon as we are able to reduce it and we hope—

(oh, how we hope) that date won't be too far away!—don't forget to reward us for it by working harder and harder to send us in new subscriptions.

It will be a great day for us when THE AMERICAN GIRL takes her place proudly on the newsstands with all the other big grown-up magazines, won't it? Well, that's one of our big hopes for 1923. We're already on sale in some of the large bookstores, and that's a great step forward.

You can see from this that magazines make their New Year's plans just as definitely and hopefully as

Girl Scouts do. And now let's make a New Year's bargain with you.

We'll do all we can to make you successful Scouts, if you'll do all you can to make us a successful magazine!

Is it a bargain?

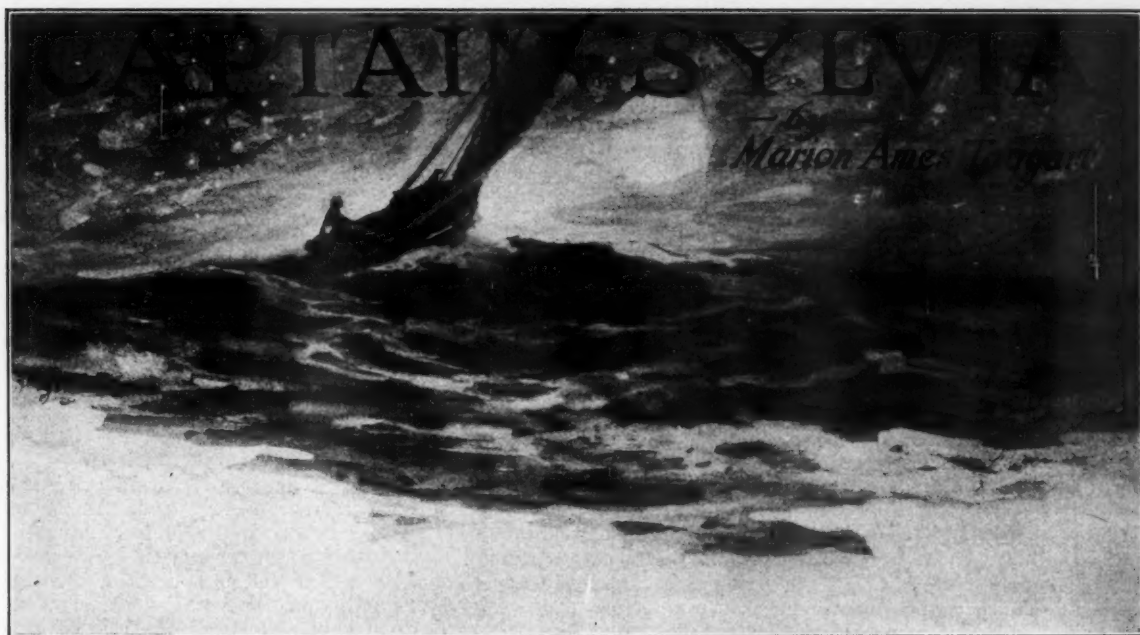
The following list of books for a country school was suggested by the American Library Association and the American Educational Association. We believe they are books that every Girl Scout should know intimately:

"Little Women," Alcott; "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," Carroll; "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe; "Treasure Island," Stevenson; "Tom Sawyer," Twain; "Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," Nicolay; "Jungle Book," Kipling; "Fairy Tales," Andersen; "Fables," Aesop; "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Pyle; "Child's Garden of Verse," Stevenson; "Tales from Shakespeare," Lamb; "Arabian Nights," "Boys' King Arthur," Malory; "Story of Mankind," Van Loon; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Wiggin; "Home Book of Verse for Young Folks," B. E. Stevenson; "Christmas Carol," Dickens; "Rip Van Winkle," Irving; "Mother Goose," "Hans Brinker," Dodge; "Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt," Hagedorn; "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," Hawthorne; "Wild Animals I Have Known," Seton; "Heidi," Spyri.

Table of Contents

January, 1923

	Page
Captain Sylvia—By Marion Ames Taggart—Illustrated by Joseph Franke	5
An Egyptian Cinderella—By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer—Illustrated by William Schnelle	9
Red Head—By Pauline Adams—Illustrated by Thelma Gooch	10
Home to Mother—By Willis K. Jones, Part II	13
Mrs. Year's Family—By Oleda Schrottky	15
Scribes' Corner—Home News	16
Scouting News From Abroad	18
Our Party Page	19
Girl Scout Homes—and How They Won Them	20
The Practical Scout	22
Scout Ripples—By Commodore W. E. Longfellow	24
Movie Column	26
Our Library	27
Money Making Department	28
Stamp Department	36



LINDLEY nodded hard. "All right-o!" he whispered. "Plant, tools and all, down cellar, fine outfit, windows darkened, work by lamplight. We're going back to wait till they come back. Miss Sylvia, go home, please. Lloyd, come with us. When the men turn up we'll cover 'em with our revolvers before they get out theirs. Dead easy—a cinch! Go home, Miss Sylvia. We'll see you afterward to tell you how grateful we are. Go home now."

"No," said Sylvia in a whisper which yet conveyed her determined will. "I'm going to see it out. I couldn't get home alone."

Lindley glanced at her. It was evident that she was suffering under the strongest excitement. She was so pale, she trembled so, that Lindley decided it might be the less of evils to allow her to stay under their care.

"All right; you've earned the right to choose," he said. "Come on. Don't let the dog bark. He's no business here, anyway."

"He won't bark!" whispered Sylvia, indignantly, helped by this aspersion upon O'Malley. "He knows what I want, and he always does it."

So the curious little band, brought to the right goal by such a singular chance theory, went silently, carefully up to the tumble-down house.

Lindley opened the front door; it swung crazily upon its loose hinges.

"Go through, in yonder; at least you shall not stay here," Lindley whispered, pushing Sylvia through to the rear.

He put Lloyd, pistol in hand and quivering with excitement that almost overpowered him, just within what had once been the living room of the house, and which commanded the entrance. Lindley himself and Gersom stood in the musty four-by-six entry. They held their pistols in their hands, their bodies were tense, their eyes alert; there was no mistaking the joy of the hunter, keen upon a close trail, with which they listened and watched.

And thus the party waited the coming of the counterfeiters.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Seine.

LLOYD heard O'Malley growl. Instantly the growl was cut off before it became loud enough to be audible at a distance. He stiffened himself, still wondering while he leaned forward, ready for what was to follow, that Sylvia's imaginings were coming true.

Lindley and Gersom simultaneously made a slight gesture of warning to each other and to Lloyd. They stood directly before the door, revolvers pointed at it.

Someone came up the two broken steps outside, a hand touched the door latch. Instantly Gersom threw it open wide and the two men on the inside faced and covered with their

arms two other men standing on the outside.

"Hands up!" ordered Lindley. "You are arrested."

The surprise was complete. One of the men half turned, his instinct being to fly. The other made a motion toward his hip pocket.

"Not much!" said Gersom, to the first one, and his short-muzzle revolver enforced his prohibition.

"Stop! Move, and you're dead," said Lindley to the second one, and the hand came back and dropped at his side.

"I guess the game's up," observed one of the prisoners.

"Great head. So it is," agreed Lindley.

"You won't need any money, genuine or counterfeit, for many a long day. You are coming with us. We'll move your house furnishings later, after you're settled for the night. Lloyd, come here and take these chaps' artillery away from them. I'll cover them, Gersom and I."

Lloyd could not keep his hands from shaking as he came up with this pair and obediently went through their pockets to find and take from them any weapons which they might have.

"Look out! Keep down, and out of the direct range of our guns; stand to one side!" commanded Lindley sharply. "Don't get in the way if we have to shoot."

Which order did not soothe Lloyd's nerves, though he heard and obeyed it all.

"Now, about going down to the village. We'll take these fellows down to Boston tonight, and we've got to get them away from here. That's a mean path, especially for that purpose and this party," said Lindley.

"You know, Sylvia said they must come and go by boat, through that inlet she was talking about," said Lloyd in Lindley's ear.

"By Jove! Captain Sylvia! I clean forgot her!" cried Lindley. "I wonder if she's fainted or anything. Go in there and see, will you, Lloyd? Do you mean we could get our haul down in their own boat? Can you sail her? We can't. Does the tide serve now? Do you suppose that plucky girl would handle the boat for us? I'd hate to ask her."

"I'll find out what she's doing; I mean, how she's feeling. As to pluck, I don't believe there's any end to hers. She's done more in these past two days than sail these prisoners down the coast," said Lloyd, going toward the rear of the house.

He found Sylvia with her ear leaned close against the door, which she had unwillingly closed behind her. She held O'Malley by the collar, one hand clasp his nose. She looked beside herself, her face crimson, her eyes snapping with excitement, fear, joy, a thousand emotions thrilling her with each passing moment. Sylvia clutched Lloyd when he appeared. O'Malley took advantage of his freedom to bark madly, venting his own pent-up emotions.

"Never mind; let him," Lloyd advised Sylvia. "He can't do any harm, now they're caught, if he barks all night."

"Lloyd! Lloyd! Was there ever such a thing happened anywhere?" cried Sylvia. I never dreamed—never once dreamed, when I told them how this house might be used, that it was used so. Never! Lloyd, I thought a fearful, fearful thing! How could I? I thought, they meant father—my father! Oh, Lloyd! I died, I *died*, when I thought that! The disgrace, the horrible, horrible disgrace! And my own dear father—I was so proud of him! And I made him go away—I don't see now why he did go. For he did not know; he did not even know! Oh, Lloyd, think of it! I felt it must be he! It couldn't be, yet it was! Oh, how awful, awful!"

Sylvia shuddered and Lloyd patted her back soothingly.

"Ruth and I knew what you were thinking. We didn't see how it could be anyone else. Don't think of it any more; forget it, Tink, you brick!" said Lloyd. "See here, brace up; you're needed."

He could not have said anything better. Sylvia responded like a fine horse to a touch on his bridle—like her own beloved boat to the lightest hand on her tiller.

"How am I needed?" she asked, drawing the back of her hand across her eyes and visibly bracing herself.

"Mr. Lindley doesn't like to try taking his prisoners down that narrow, winding, brambly path. Does the tide serve now for getting out of the inlet? They must have a boat, just as you said. Would you sail it—take the whole show down to the village? Lindley said they were going to Boston tonight. How about it, Tink? Are you game to finish your capture and sail the boat? Mr. Lindley hated to ask you, but I didn't. I know you're the stuff."

"Course I'll do it," said Sylvia promptly. "Tide's all right, high at six tonight." She glanced at her wrist watch in its leathern strap. "It's now nearly five. Come on, Lloyd. We'll tell Mr. Lindley I'll do it; then we'll take a look at the boat."

"Hurrah for Captain Sylvia!" cried Mr. Lindley, when Sylvia and Lloyd came back to him and made their announcement. "It will really be a perfectly safe trip, but you musn't mind weapons. Girls do, as a rule; I shouldn't take you for that sort. We'll have to keep our prisoners covered, but because we do you will be safe. It's fine of you to agree to do this."

"Seems to me I must," said Sylvia, with a faint smile. She had kept close to Lloyd, not liking the proximity to criminals.

"And yet, I thought my own father must be one!" she thought, as she and Lloyd went out the door.

They found the boat pulled well



Gabriel stood listening enthralled, holding his brown stone teapot in one hand.

up upon the bank of the inlet, half hidden by low branches and by the brownish color of her paint, which made her unnoticeable.

SHE was the sort of boat that Sylvia's experience had expected to find, a flat-bottomed craft which drew no depth of water. She was rigged with both mast and a small sail, and oars. She was very small; that was the main trouble with her for her present use.

"She'll tip over as sure as fate, if so many get into her and don't sit quiet," said Sylvia. "If those two men are halfway awake they ought to know this, and they might tip us over and try to get away, swimming, don't you see?"

"What, then, can be done?" asked Lloyd.

"Mr. Lindley'd better let me go down and bring up my boat. It will take longer, but not too long—the wind's right. It's much the safer way," suggested Sylvia.

"Then we've got to cut back and tell him," said Lloyd, starting up as he spoke.

Mr. Lindley, taken aside to be told this while Lloyd replaced him on guard with his revolver, beside Mr. Gersom, agreed to Sylvia's reasoning.

"You know more about boats—keel, centreboard and flat-bottom—than I do, though that's not a specially strong statement," he said. "It's a shame to make you do all this work. You've been at the bottom of our success, and now you're doing the work of conveying the prisoners. Too bad—a girl like you!"

For the first time since the shock of the horrible certainty that it was her father whom these men had come to capture, Sylvia laughed in much her old manner.

"I suppose it takes a girl like me; the other kind of girl doesn't sail a boat!" she said. "Let me take this boat here, and can you spare Lloyd? Then we'd each row an oar and make better time. We can't sail down—wind is the other way, and it would be poking. But I can come up fast in my own boat, when I get started."

"I'll leave it to you, Captain Sylvia," said Mr. Lindley.

"Then will you have the men down at the inlet when I get here? About an hour, I suppose, I'll need," said Sylvia, and she and Lloyd and O'Malley rushed off madly on their errand.

"Feels queer to be working for government, helping the law, doesn't

it, Tink?" asked Lloyd, shipping his oar and getting down to hard rowing, after he and Sylvia had poled out of the inlet.

"I don't know how it doesn't feel, Lloyd," Sylvia answered. "I shall not know for a long, long time. As near as I can tell, I feel the way I did when I was sick and out of my head, once, long time ago. It seems to me we're delirious."

"Must be a contagious disease; same here," said Lloyd. "But it's the craziest ever, beats any delirium, to make up such a yarn as you did, and find it right, down to the very shape of this old tub we're in this minute!"

Sylvia took upon herself the steering of their awkward craft, and they rowed directly to *The Walloping Window Blind's* moorings.

They made the flat-bottomed boat fast astern the larger boat, hoisted sail quickly, and were off, keeping up pretty well toward shore.

"Lloyd, you'd better row in and get our passengers. I'll stand in around the inlet, but you see I can't anchor. So you bring them out in the prisoners' boat, and I'll luff up to let you board me when you come out. I don't want to risk going into the cove; it would be a bad thing to get stuck in there," said Sylvia.

"Aye, aye, Captain Sylvia," Lloyd properly responded, pulling the front of his cap in what he hoped was true jackie fashion.

LOYD was glad that Sylvia had not come in after her load. The small man made resistance. He had broken a handcuff and he had to be forced into obedience with Lindley's revolver held close to his head. It looked for a few minutes as if they were going to be compelled to bring off one living and one dead man, or, at the best, one seriously wounded. But the rebel gave in at the last moment, seeing that his captors would not hesitate to carry out their threats, and the flat boat brought out to *The Walloping Window Blind* both counterfeiters uninjured, and the two officers, each holding a revolver ready, finger on trigger.

Sylvia brought the boat about and the prisoners were shipped without mishap or further demur. The detectives put their prisoners down on the bottom of the boat and themselves sat over them, occupying the seat that ran along the taffrail. Lindley produced two pairs of new handcuffs, and fastened again the wrists of both men.

"No use in letting you repeat your performance of when we started," he remarked. "This way you'll be easier, for temptation will be removed."

It was a nervous and exceedingly quiet Sylvia who sat in the stern, sailing down the bay, tacking on short tacks toward her moorings. With all her might she tried to detach her mind from whom she carried, and to fasten her thoughts upon the work which was her duty now to do! But she found herself tired, suddenly, almost beyond bearing. Her nerves had been strained to breaking point. It was the last, hardest demand of this day, to sit in the stern of her beloved boat and not dwell on the ugly spectacle of two manacled men behind her.

I wonder whether I shall ever, ever be rested and feel as I used to feel? I wonder whether I am really Sylvia Bell?" she thought. "But father, father! He's my same glorious, honorable, great father! I must think only of that, only of that!"

O'Malley came down the boat, walking gingerly outside the taffrail, as if he wished to avoid the contagion of criminal propinquity. He growled as he came, wrinkling his nose and showing all his young white teeth. He came close to Sylvia and sat down.

"You dear!" she cried, "I suppose it is a case for a chaperon!" O'Malley's clearly conveyed opinion of her surroundings made her laugh and feel better.

"Shall we all go in at once, or make two trips?" asked Mr. Lindley.

"We can't do it in one trip, can we?" Sylvia said. "No, Lloyd, will you come back for me? I'd rather stay and furl after you're all gone."

"Then good-night, Captain Sylvia," said Mr. Lindley, taking off his hat with his left hand, but keeping his right one still at its post. "I'll try to thank you another time, and see that you are thanked by those higher up. You've done a big service to the government. You're a wonderful girl."

Sylvia turned on him. This was more than either her honesty or her overstrained nerves could stand.

"I didn't know these men were there, I didn't mean to help. I won't ever be thanked, I don't deserve it! Lloyd, tell Mr. Lindley about it. Good-bye, Mr. Lindley. I've got all the reward I want; I'm

gladder than you could be. Don't ever say a word about it to me, please, please! I'd give anything to forget all about it," Sylvia almost sobbed.

"She's a tired little Captain Sylvia," said Mr. Lindley with the greatest kindness. "She's a great big little woman, all the same! Good night, Captain Sylvia. Get rested, and don't be sorry these felons are caught; it's a mighty good job."

Lloyd came back for Sylvia and found her tying the last knots in her ropes, the palest most worn-out Sylvia imaginable, looking like a little girl, her older side quite out of sight.

He helped her down into the rowboat and she willingly let him, and took her seat as passenger without a demur.

Lloyd was sensible enough to let her alone. He did not speak till he had beached the boat. Then he asked.

"Shall I go home with you, Tink? If not, don't wait; I'll pull the boat up and tie her. Go on home and go to bed; that's my advice."

"All right, Lloyd. Thanks lots! You've stood by me like a trump. Tell Ruth all about it. I'm only dog-tired—worse! O'Malley doesn't seem tired at all!"

Sylvia waved her hand several times as she walked along the beach toward her home, to show Lloyd that there was nothing for him to worry about.

Indeed as she walked she began to feel better. The strain of being with the captives, of playing her part and doing her duty, being removed, she gradually felt rested, and her spirits rose as she realized fully that her fear of its being her father who had been under suspicion was groundless.

When Sylvia came opposite to Gabriel Gaby's shack he was not in sight. Mate was enjoying the declining sun, seated outside the door; Sylvia knew that Gabriel was at supper.

"Gabriel Gaby, I'm coming in," she called.

"I don't know why you would not," responded Gabriel, instantly appearing, knife in hand and somewhat shining about the lips. "I'm havin' some fried perch an' fried potatoes for supper. Come in, or would you rather stay out here?"

"I wouldn't keep you from supper for anything, and I'd like to

THE STORY SO FAR

Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood are spending the summer at the seashore where they meet Sylvia Bell, known in the town as Captain Sylvia. Sylvia has as her closest chum, her dog, Charles O'Malley. She lives with her father and a housekeeper in the village the year 'round. Her father is so wrapped up in research work that he has very little time to give to his daughter—so that except for her dog, she has had very little companionship. She becomes very fond of the Hapgoods and takes them sailing—they in turn help her when Cassandra, her maid, is obliged to go off for a day, for Ruth is a splendid little housekeeper. In one of her tramps with her dog, she stumbles upon a little house, which seems very mysterious to her and which she plans to keep to herself. Just within a few days she has the joy of sailing her father home and also of making the acquaintance of two rather mysterious men who have been hanging around the village and who are apparently anxious to find out if anything unusual has been going on. The two men, who turn out to be detectives, ask her to help them find some counterfeiters who are believed to be in the vicinity. Sylvia believes they mean her father, whose work fits in with their description, and tells them about the "little house" agreeing to take them there the next day and in the meantime goes home to meet her father in an agony of fear. After a short talk she finds out that her father is going away and she goes to bed happy at the thought she has helped him to escape. The next morning she and Lloyd go with the detectives and discover the counterfeiting plant at the little house much to the surprise and joy of Sylvia and Lloyd who has realized all along in what terrible fear Sylvia was living.

sit down," Sylvia said, and they both went in.

"You look kinder beat out, Sylvie, now I come to look at you," said Gabriel, pausing, his body bent down to sit, but delaying the actual action. "Don't seem's if I'd ever seen you look tired before. I guess I'll make you a cup o' tea; no trouble; I'm goin' to have one myself," he added, anticipation an objection.

"I don't drink tea. Perhaps it would do me good, thank you, Gabriel," said Sylvia. "Look here, Gabriel Gaby, you'd be tired if you were I! Listen to what has happened." And Sylvia began the story of the preceding day and of that afternoon.

Gabriel stood listening enthralled, holding his brown stone teapot in one hand and a tin tea caddy in the other.

Sylvia poured out her tale as she would not have done to any one else. She had loved this queer little stranded old sailor all her life, and she did not mind his knowing how she had suffered.

"Gabriel Gaby, I thought I should die, DIE, when I believed that my father—I'm so proud of him, Gabriel!—was disgraced. Oh, I can't bear to remember it! And didn't it sound like a description of him? And I'd noticed queer things lately. Twice he was off early in the morning, digging, or hunting in the sand, and once I came suddenly into his laboratory and he seemed to cover papers on the table. It all flashed upon me when Mr. Lindley talked to me, that father was hiding things, that it must be he! Oh, Gabriel, I died, something in me died that minute! You don't know."

Sylvia shuddered, and Gabriel aroused to the fact that he held the teapot and was not making her the restoring tea.

"Sho, Sylvia!" he said gently. "Sure I can guess 'twas bad enough, child. An' I can see you couldn't hardly help feelin' they were talkin' about your father; no one else here does fit that description, so to speak. But, my stars an' ligaments, child, ain't it ridic'ous, when you come to think it over, to imagine Clement Bell doin' dishonest tricks or even messin' round to make money honest? As to dyin' over it, Sylvie, seem's if you didn't die so's't any one would notice it! Went home an' tried to git him out o' the way, didn't you? Such a girl! Don't look so awful much like a dead one."

"And he went, Gabriel! He did go," cried Sylvia. "I can't understand it. He went, just as I suggested in hints that he should go. I couldn't tell him, I couldn't get near to telling him I knew he was—had to go." Sylvia shuddered. "Gabriel, why did my father go away?"

"Why, Sylvie," Gabriel Gaby said slowly, smiling at her, "your father went away because he was a-goin' anyway up to Boston, that's all. I'd of told you that, you poor child, you, if you'd of come to me. Don't it seem fully how things will go together, proving a whole lot that ain't so? Your tea's drawn, Sylvie. Want it with sugar an' cream or *o naturel*? That is French for 'with water', Sylvie. O stands for water in French, an' *natural*'s just the same as 'tis in English."

Sylvia choked back the laugh that nearly got the better of her.

"*All Naturel*, please, Gabriel dear, but make it of a weak nature,

(Continued on page 23.)

AN EGYPTIAN CINDERELLA

By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer

Illustrated by William Schnelle

ONCE upon a time in the far-away land of Egypt lived a little girl who had long shining hair, and eyes like twin stars in the heavens. But best of all, this little girl, whose name was Isis, was sweet and good and altogether lovely.

She lived with her two wicked stepsisters in a very fine house on the banks of the river Nile. Now, the stepsisters had straight, black hair, and every time they looked at Isis' golden curls they were furious. It was very unusual for an Egyptian girl to have light hair, but Isis' father had come from a land of fair people.

The only room in the fine house that Isis knew very much about was the kitchen. Once she crept

she went, for her eyes were full of tears, and her heart was sad.

Sometimes, when it got hot and stuffy in the kitchen, she would peek out of the doorway, and, if nobody was near, she would run like a deer down to the banks of the river Nile. Then she would hide in the long grass, lying flat on her back, and look up through the palm trees at the blue sky, and pretend that she was a princess, waiting for her prince to find her.

But she was careful not to stay too long, for she had to get supper for her stepsisters, and tidy up the kitchen before going to bed.

Now, the sisters had wonderful things to eat: nightingales' tongues, and rich cakes, and wine. But little Isis was never allowed to touch any of them. She had to eat the coarse grains and dried fruits. Once in a great while the sisters would leave some scraps on their golden plates, like bits of savory fish, and then Isis would have a feast.

But the queer part of it was that she grew more beautiful every day, while the stepsisters grew uglier.

Of course, this made the sisters terribly angry, and with every new pimple that broke out on their horrid red faces, they heaped abuses on Isis.

But Isis never lost her temper, and tried hard to decorate her stepsisters that they might appear beautiful. She loved to handle their jade

earrings and bracelets, and because she had such good taste they allowed her to arrange their jewelled hair bands when they went to balls.

In his beak he carried one of her lovely sandals.

up the marble steps to the garden, which was on the roof, but the sisters saw her coming. And one of them boxed her ears, and they smeared charcoal dust over her beautiful curls. Oh, they were very wicked sisters, indeed! Isis hurried down the marble steps, stumbling as



The Prince.

But what Isis loved more than anything else were the sisters' wonderful sandals. The straps were studded with glittering stones that matched their gowns. Once Isis slipped a pair of sandals on her own feet, and though she was the same age as her sisters, they were so big for her that she couldn't keep them on. This infuriated her sisters and they pinched her and slapped her and sent her scurrying back to the kitchen.

Isis was deeply grieved, for now she had lost her only chance to handle such beautiful things. She looked down at her bare feet, and wiggled her toes on the grass mat.

"I shall have a pair of sandals," she cried. And her smooth, fair forehead puckered up into a determined little frown. "I shall make them myself," she thought within her. And the idea chased away the frown, and brought dimples to her cheeks, and soft glowing lights to her eyes. Isis was very beautiful indeed just then.

She found a piece of discarded parchment, and, putting one slender foot on it, leaned down and traced the outline with the point of a burned stick. There was just enough parchment for her two feet. She was so happy she wanted to sing, but she swallowed hard, for if the stepsisters heard her they would be terribly angry.

But as she worked the song kept rising in her throat, and for fear it would come trilling out of her mouth she gathered up her sandals and materials and raced down to the banks of the Nile. Here she sang softly to herself. And all the time her fingers were moving swiftly, surely. The sandals were growing in a most wondrous fashion. In all the land of Egypt there never was quite such a beautiful pair. She twined long, sweet grasses about them, and for jewelled straps

(Continued on page 30.)

The Story of How a Little Girl Rose to Fame

RED HEAD

By Pauline Adams

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch



ELMHURST was celebrating the Christmas holidays from attic to cellar. Festivity followed festivity in quick succession after Polly and her three school friends burst in upon the household. In fact, everything had been perfect until today, when the outlook upon a world whirling with snow left not a shadow of hope for their eagerly-planned skating party.

Polly was about to suggest the kitchen and fudge when, catching sight of Grand Polly (her great aunt), she had a sudden inspiration.

"I know what we'll do," she exclaimed; "let's get Grand Polly to tell us about somebody famous she has known."

Thus finding herself bombarded with a regular storm of appeal, Grand Polly laughingly consented to being dragged into the big living room where, surrounded by a cluster of eager, lifted faces, she told the following:

"The name of my story is 'Red Head,'" she began (at which Polly gave a suppressed chuckle of delight), "and it is about a little girl—"

"No, she wasn't called 'Red Head.' She didn't even have red hair, not any of the characters that go with it. It was just because—"

Here Grand Polly gave a little pause, the kind that invariably precedes the telling of something that is full of beautiful memories. Then continuing, she said:

"She was a very timid little girl; shy, really, to the point of defeat. Although everyone could see how quiet and shrinking she was, there wasn't anyone, not even those nearest to her, who dreamed how she suffered. No matter how much she tried and tried again to overcome it, it was always too big for her. Not that she was gloomy and unhappy.

Far from it, for like all shrinking people she ran away to Nature and books for company and lived in a beautiful world of her own. It was just that she could never do the things she longed to do and felt, deep down inside, that she could do. Such a lot of longings there had been clear from the time when she was just a little thing, all the way up to now, when she was fifteen. Often I wonder what would have happened if a good fairy hadn't come along just when she needed her most. But then, good fairies always do come along just when we need them most.

"Perhaps I should tell you that this isn't the story of a present-day little girl, but one whom every girl knows about and worships from afar. Of course, I can't tell her real name, so I am calling her 'Rosemary,' a name, I think, that suits her exactly.

"Up to the time about which I am going to tell you, Rosemary had lived in a small village with her mother. Her father had died a long time before, and her mother's resources were taxed to the utmost, trying to be both father and mother. During the summer months there were boarders, for their house was comfortable and roomy and near the river, and people liked very much to stay there.

"You see, the village, though having little or nothing commercially to awaken the interest of an outsider, held out rich climatic and pictorial allurements to summer visitors. Also, for a good many years, there had been a play given every summer, for a week, in its unique out-of-doors theater, and many a Portia and Ophelia of real theatrical fame had come to see a youthful Rosalind make her bow upon its little stage.

"Rosemary usually liked the people who came to their house, but because of her shyness, how she dreaded waiting upon them, as she sometimes had to do! Not for anything would she let her mother know how she ached *inside* at even

the thought of it. Of course, it grew easier, each time, as the summer advanced, but that never seemed to help for the next summer.

"Her life up to now had been quite like that of any other girl. That is, in a way. There had been school and music lessons, and even dancing lessons, for her mother was a gifted woman—a musician of ability—and she taught every winter a large music class. In this way, she was able to arrange for Rosemary's dancing lessons by teaching music to the daughters of the dancing teacher. Rosemary loved dancing as she did music, but though she danced like a nymph by herself in any of her favorite haunts, and played lovely, whimsical, little melodies, all out of her own head, when no one was listening, she was never able to do either before anyone. Perhaps I should say seldom instead of never, for there had been one or two occasions when she really forgot herself and let the beautiful something hidden away in her, creep into sight for a moment. This quite surprised people at the time, but was soon forgotten.

"Her inward life, on the other hand, was a very different one. Into her land of Make-Believe came, without difficulty, all the heroes and heroines of her world of books, all the great masters of music and poetry, beautiful ladies and gallant gentlemen, and many a laughing fairy. With these, her friends, it was easy to do and act, to talk and show her heart. Here, she forgot the overwhelming feeling of being little and stupid, that submerged her like a great wave, the minute she stood on her feet in school and made it impossible for her ever to tell the things she knew or felt, things that were just *crowding* to get out.

"Here, she could express her passionate love for acting, and *play*, to her heart's content, at being all her beloved heroines, from 'Elaine' to 'Rosalind.' Here, she could be her real self—a vivacious Rosemary of bubbling laughter and bewitching

grace—and here, one might have seen prophecies of conquest and greatness in her eyes.

"In thinking over those days (I was one of their summer boarders for years) how significant and kaleidoscopic seem the incidents that at the time made such a slight impression upon me! I recall especially one beautiful hazy afternoon in midsummer—one of those dozy, lazy sort of days when one listens and marvels at the energetic buzzing of bees and flies. I had taken a book and strolled off by myself to rest in the quiet and repose of a grove of elm trees not far from Rosemary's home. I had almost fallen asleep when, suddenly, I was startled into wakefulness by a very sweet but determined voice exclaiming: 'I could do it, I know I could!' and before my astonished gaze, appeared our little Rosemary (not more than eleven then) clad in the remnants of an old yellow satin ball-dress, with a doily twisted into a rather ornate cap, atop of her curly hair. This was so unlike any conception of mine of the child, that I sat up instantly alert, to watch her move forward in the most stately manner, in spite of encumbering skirts, and with the ease and grace of a queen, bow to an imaginary audience.

"How distinctly I recall it all!—the quaintness and charm of her, as pretending to peer over the top of a large fan at an imaginary lover, she declaimed in most original and unusual dialogue, a heart-breaking love scene! How amused I was and how I laughed! And then, with the impenetrable stupidity of all grown-ups at times, straightway forgot all about it.

"It was only a few summers afterward, that a member of the cast of 'Twelfth Night,' which they gave that year, was taken ill, and Rosemary and I were both present at the 'try-out' of a substitute. The director, harassed to desperation with failure after failure, turned to us and said: 'What a pity you can't act, Rosemary, for at least you look the part.' As I turned and smiled at Rosemary, I remember I thought she was a queer child not to say a word to the director who was looking at her so kindly. Most little girls would at least have smiled a reply, but she just stood staring at the floor. And not a word did she speak all the way home. Such a queerly unresponsive child!

"That same summer, there came an invitation from a lady who had

previously boarded with her mother, for Rosemary to spend a week with her at their home; and as she had a little daughter about Rosemary's age, her mother thought it would be a happy change for her. Rosemary, on the contrary, obstinately persist-

had astonished her mother, one day, by impulsively throwing her arms around her neck and telling her, over and over, how she thanked her for making her go. The visit really seemed to have cast a sort of spell over her, for more than ever, she



*She watched
a very real
little actress act
a very real part.*

ed in declaring that she didn't want to go; and it was with the greatest difficulty that her mother finally persuaded her to.

"When she came back, she talked a good deal, at least for her, about an entertainment they had taken her to—a charity affair given by several celebrated artists. A popular young actress had created her usual sensation, and in responding to the ovation she received, had given a humorous little sketch to music, accompanying herself at the piano. She quite captivated Rosemary, it seemed; so much so that Rosemary

would spend hours by herself, doing—goodness knows what!

"I have told you their house was near the river. Well, Rosemary was allowed to paddle around in a little canoe someone had given her, and the thing she loved best of all, apparently, was rowing out to an island nearby and spending hours there. Sometimes I would go with her and we would stay the day just by ourselves; then sometimes, we would have a picnic and invite a little crowd of Rosemary's friends, or some of the guests at the house. Although I think Rosemary was not

what one would call popular, she had a little circle of playmates, and at times was genuinely fond of frolicking with them. Two of her particular friends I remember very well. They are both married now.

"My last summer there, also Rosemary's last (but I musn't get ahead of my story) proved to be a memorable one. The village was crowded to overflowing with visitors, many attracted there for the first time because of a jubilee in celebration of the theatre's long success. The play chosen was 'Merchant of Venice,' and many theatrical stars, also artists of other professions, had been invited to be present. And it was rumored that a world-famous actress was to play the role of Portia.

"The plays were always given in August, and nothing else was talked or thought of as the time drew near. I arrived the last of May that summer, and almost the first thing Rosemary's mother told me was that Rosemary's two special friends had been chosen to take the parts of pages. Rosemary said nothing; in fact, she seemed more quiet and demure than usual; and I wondered if perhaps she wasn't a bit envious. Still, that hardly seemed possible, since no one had ever thought of her doing anything in public. You see, Rosemary was fifteen by that time.

"Dear me, how plainly it all comes back, and what a summer it was, to be sure!" and Grand Polly became entirely lost to the present, so real had the past become. Excited clamorings from her eager audience soon recaptured her attention, however, and with a smile that encircled the whole group, and a caress upon the nearest bobbed head, she continued animatedly: "things happened right along then, for Rosemary; no lazy pauses or dull moments for any of us, for that matter.

"The renown and popularity of the actress who was to play Portia was constantly talked of. And the fact that many of us had never seen her, and that she was the same one whom Rosemary had lost her heart to, a few summers before, created extra excitement in our household. Although the jubilee was not to be until the last week in August, it seemed to cast its glamour over the whole summer.

"The actress came sometime in July, (to this day, I can't think of it, without a thrill) principally for her own pleasure and rest, but also, to see that everything was going all

right with the play. Of course we had glowing accounts of her rehearsals from Rosemary's two friends. It was in the afternoon of one of these very days, when the girls had been over relating their experience, that Rosemary took her canoe and stole off by herself to her island haunt. I saw her leave and had a strong impulse to call to her that I would come, too. Then something happened to change my mind and I didn't.

"Now I wished afterward that I had! For, this was the afternoon that Rosemary's good fairy took a hand in things! However, looking back, it seems just as real as though I had been present; more real perhaps, since I not only heard Rosemary's incoherent account of what happened; but also, the vivid and illuminating recital of the story from the lips of the actress herself.

"It seemed that the actress liked Rosemary's retreat, too (the pretty little island, just an easy row from shore); and on this afternoon, had had someone take her over, that she might have an hour or two by herself. She said she was deeply absorbed in going over in her mind a certain speech of Portia's, when she was brought to herself quite startlingly by the sensation that she was not alone. Having supposed herself to be the only person on the island, she felt a bit vexed at this trespassing, of what she was pleased to consider her own domain. She was about to rise and find a place of more certain seclusion, when her attention was quite unwillingly captured by seeing a young girl, a little distance away, fling herself, face down, upon the ground, in a perfect paroxysm of weeping.

"Instantly touched, her impulse was to reveal her presence at once and offer sympathy. But the innate delicacy in her, warned her that it would be a bigger kindness to let

the child believe she was unobserved. Before she had time to rise and withdraw into better hiding, she saw Rosemary (for of course, it was she) jump up with as great suddenness as she had flung herself down, and tossing her brown curls from her face, she heard her cry out with great determination, over and over: 'I *could* do it, I *know* I could!'

"Thoroughly roused now out of herself, the actress said she waited as excitedly for what was coming next as though she were in a theater. Portia and her enchanting speeches quite faded from her memory, while she watched a very real little actress act a very real past upon a clover-carpeted stage with an audience of one.

"O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom like the Bay of Portugal—"

fell upon the air with the clearness and sweetness of Westminster bell. Rosemary became so bewitching, her gaiety so entrancing in her merriment, so *real a Rosalind*, that the actress had to hold her hands very tightly clasped to keep them from clapping.

"She told me afterward, that she was so carried away, she didn't see how she had been able to refrain from crying out 'bravo' let alone keeping from applause. But I think those same fairies who led Rosemary to the island on that particular afternoon, were bound to see to it that nothing should be spoiled. Oh, my dears, it is just as real to me today, as on the day it was first related to me—little Rosemary, all unconscious of the famous person watching her, and the far-reaching effects upon her future, acting on and on; lovely speech following lovely speech, all her pent up soul outpouring at last.

"When her Rosalind scene was over, there was the fancied dropping of the curtain, and Rosemary ran back again and again to bow her imaginary audience her acknowledgement of their appreciation! It would seem that the applause was growing into a very marked ovation, for, returning to the front of the stage, she signalled her intention of giving an encore. Then, sitting down to an imaginary

(Continued on page 33.)



HOME TO MOTHER

By Willis K. Jones

PART II.

BUT she heard the chugging of Glen's car before she could reach it and saw it speeding away with the suitcases safe inside, so she ran in the opposite direction to throw the freshmen off the trail, and as soon as she reached a well-traveled path, she turned and hastened back to Stone House.

It was not long before Lovey and Flo appeared at the window and reported that Margaret had gone with Glen in the auto. "Well, twenty-seven to eight isn't such a bad score," Lovey remarked as she dropped into a chair.

"I should say not. That ought to be enough odds to make the freshmen willing to give up those suitcases of ours that they stole.

"It's too bad we couldn't get any more," put in Flo. "But we realized that it would be foolish to visit any other freshman dormitory with all the Pomeroy gang on our heels.

"You're right," admitted the Twin. "But we have enough. I'm going to write a sign to notify them to bring back all of our bags and have them on Stone House porch by Monday morning if they expect to see their property again."

She did not dare turn on the light for fear it might attract attention, but she lit a candle and by its feeble glow set to work on the notice. It was done long before the other girls arrived. When she had finished it to her satisfaction, she and the other two talked in the darkened room. What difference did it make when they went to bed? The next day was Sunday and they could sleep till eleven o'clock chapel.

Yet they grew very sleepy before the other two conspirators finally appeared to report that everything was safe. And soon afterward the party broke up and the girls went to bed.

The next morning when the students of Natick College passed the bulletin board on their way to chapel, their attention was called to a huge placard:



LOST, STRAYED, or STOLEN

Eight suitcases

Twenty-seven (27) freshman bags
are looking for them, and
will not return unless
The Eight SUITCASES are
left by Monday Morning
at STONE HOUSE.

This was the first inkling that most of the students who read the sign had that anything had been going on. It occasioned a lot of good natured chaffing of the freshmen, and for the rest of the day the most popular campus greeting was, "How do you do? Have you a little freshman bag in your house?"

A special freshmen class meeting was called for Sunday evening. As none of the Sophomores were able to slip in, and as no freshman would confess what had gone on, the others on the campus could not learn any details. But it made little difference. The result was all that was wished. On Monday morning when the first Sophomore opened the door at Stone House, her cry brought others running. There on the porch stood eight suitcases in a line. No notes, no ribbons, no explanations—just the eight bags that had disappeared.

And an hour afterward, the bulletin board bore a new notice:

TO THE FRESHMEN CLASS.
Since the wanderers have returned,
the twenty-seven (27) freshman
bags

Will appear in chapel Tuesday
in time to be taken
HOME TO MOTHER.

And with that the freshmen had to be content, even though it meant hurry, for Tuesday was to be the last day of college, and many of the girls were leaving for home after classes on Tuesday afternoon or Tuesday night.

That afternoon it began to snow.

Thickly and unhurriedly the white flakes came down. The first that the Twins knew of the storm was when the expressman came for their trunk, and they saw how thickly powdered he was. Many of the girls had laughed at the idea of taking a trunk for two weeks' vacation, but since it was only a small steamer trunk, and since it was simpler than lugging a couple of heavy suitcases, they did not care.

"Suppose it snows so hard that the trains don't run," suggested Margaret as they watched their trunk disappear in the whirling white.

"That's not very likely. What worries me is, if we can't get the freshman suitcases?"

"Oh, well, it may stop by evening," her sister decided optimistically.

Evening came, and the snow continued falling. There was no attempt to study that last evening. The Bunch gathered in the parlor after dinner and Flo dropped onto the piano stool and began playing the college songs. Other girls passing through the hall or hearing the music in their rooms gravitated toward the parlor. One after another, the old favorites were called for. Florence Knight, who played well by ear, did not need the music. "The Prairie Flower," "Evolution", the class and college serenades and marching songs were sung. Then there came a lull in the singing as Flo sat thinking of something else to suggest.

From where she sat, she could see the electric light that illuminated the entrance to Stone House. Like a filmy curtain the snow fell before it, giving that illusion of fairy mystery which is part of the Christmas atmosphere. Unconsciously she succumbed to the feeling. Almost without realizing what she was doing, she began to play "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." The girls joined at once. Most of them knew only the first stanza, but when they came to the end of it, some of them began singing it again. Flo played it more softly and the girls dropped their voices until the beautiful melody came scarcely above a whisper. A

few of the had sung it lege choir the differ- Next Flo into "God Merry men," and familiar Wakes.



girls who in the col- furnished ent parts. swung them rest you, Gentle- the other Christmas

"Why wouldn't it be a good hunch to go out in the morning and sing a few of those songs?" suggested one of the singers. "It's the last morning, and there's surely enough Christmas feeling in the air."

"Good idea!" cried another. "Perhaps we can start carol singing as a college custom."

"And get up early and serenade Prexy and some of the faculty," put in a third sophomore.

"We must go and serenade the freshmen, too," added Margaret Hammon. "I'll never be happy unless we go to Pomeroy Cottage tomorrow morning and sing. 'God rest you, Merry Gentlefolk' to them, because they won't be likely to have much rest after they get their suitcases at chapel."

That was the first mention that had been made to any except the Bunch. The others in the house knew that there was something going on, but Margaret had refused to say anything about it. Now, however, she told them some of the details and warned them to come early to chapel in the morning if they wanted to be in on the fun.

"You say the freshmen won't have much rest," remarked Glen. "I can't see where some of us are going to get any. We'll have to go after those suitcases and there is a lot of work to be done on them before they are made presentable."

"Presentable is exactly the right word," laughed Gladys. "When we get ready to present them, they'll certainly be presentable."

"And why worry about sleep?" added Flo. "Most of us will be sleeping at home tomorrow night and the Twins will be in the sleeping car. I guess we can stand one sleepless night in the interests of art."

Again the value of the first floor room was demonstrated. From it Glen and the Twins left shortly after ten o'clock. The other two wanted to go, but there would be no room for the bags and so they had to give up the idea. They went to their rooms to get what sleep they could before the hour of their serenade.

By now the snow had ceased and the campus stretched still and white. The bushes under the arclight near the entrance of the campus looked like sheeted ghosts. And there at the gate Glen's automobile was waiting. She had been worrying about these midnight rides for of course it is a college rule that the girls had to be in their dormitories by a certain hour each night, and she knew well what the faculty would have said about the way she had been riding around. Besides, none of the Bunch had the habit of breaking rules just for a dare or because there were rules. They felt, as she did, that these trips were justified and that they were really for the good of the college, since they would show the freshmen their places and make college customs more strict. Oh, they had plenty of excuses in their own minds for these infringements.

After the three girls reached the farmhouse where the bags had been concealed, they faced a long job. Glen left the machine pointing at the barn door and the headlights which she left burning gave them the illumination which they needed. From a side pocket in the door, she took out a package and opened it. A pile of little papers and several bottles were inside. These were distributed among the three. Then for the better part of two hours they worked interrupting their labor time and again with peals of laughter at the thought of what they were doing.

"It will be worth the price of admission to see the freshmen when they get to chapel tomorrow," Margaret chuckled.

"You can bet I'll be around," Lovey promised.

"Me, too," cried Gladys.

When the task was finished to their satisfaction, they loaded the twenty-seven suitcases in the back of the car and returned to Natick College. And then, though it was rather risky, they drove the automobile right into the college grounds and stopped before the chapel. The broad porch in front was covered with snow, but they cleared away a space to the right of the doors. There they piled their booty and stepped back to survey the result. It was certainly an imposing spectacle they left waiting to greet the first year girls when they should come to chapel in the morning.

There were only a few hours remaining before it was time to go serenading. After Glen had taken the auto to the garage, the three re-

turned to try to get a little sleep. Gladys and Margaret, after setting their alarm clock, dropped into their beds and did not know another thing until the bell aroused them at five-thirty.

Before Margaret, whose bed the clock was nearest, had shut off the alarm, another bell from the floor above began ringing. "Sleigh bells," said Gladys sleepily. "Santa Claus's coming."

"Slay bells, why don't you call them?" observed her sister. "They are slaying my sleep."

A dismal groan was the other Twin's only comment as she rolled over and slid into a sitting position.

"Sleep's a most exasperating thing, isn't it?" Margaret went on ruminating as she lay there, too deliciously lazy to get up. "Now last night I worked hard and wanted the moments to pass in a hurry so I could get done and to bed. And while I sleep and don't want them to go by, they reel off so rapidly that I don't appreciate them."

Gladys stared at her. "I say, Midge, does loss of sleep turn you into a philosopher? I can't think of a thing this morning except how sleepy I am."

"Well, I can think of lots of things. For instance, tomorrow at this time we'll be almost home. And the next day at this hour I'll be fast asleep with no prospect of getting up for anything before dinner time."

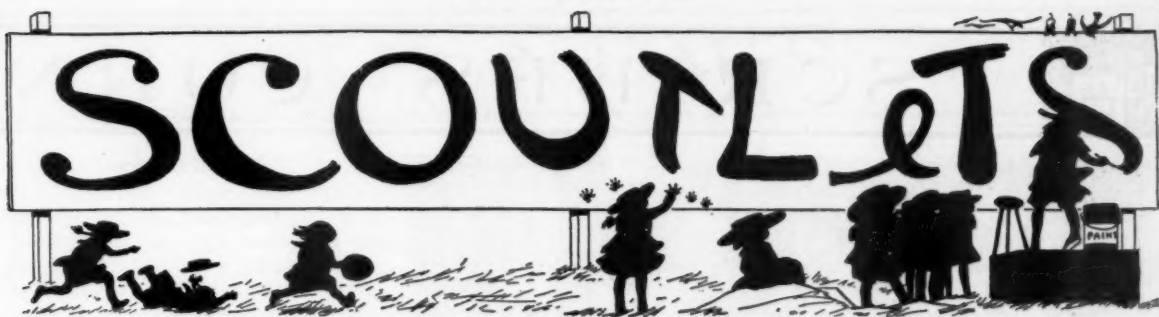
"Unless you start dressing pretty soon, you'll still be right here tomorrow morning."

"I'll bet I'll beat you dressing, anyway," shouted Margaret, leaping up and reaching for her clothes. She gave a little scream as she stepped from the rug to the cold floor to put down the window. The heat had not yet come on and the room was cold, but their haste to dress warmed them somewhat.

Just as they were putting on their finishing touches, Lovey and Glen came in. Others of the girls were waiting in the hall, but Flo had not yet appeared, so they went after her. They found her still in bed. She protested that she had not yet, and decided she had set it. The clock bore her out. The alarm, however, was shut off. "You forgot to turn it on," Lovey told her.



(Continued on page 29.)



"As a Trout is to a Troutlet—so a Scout is to a Scoutlet"

SOMETHING like the old lady in the shoe, she had so many children but Mrs. Year finds something for them to do. There is always so much going on in their household that to let one day pass without making it count for something upsets the whole world. Days have a way of going, anyhow. They are forever hopping off the calendar and running goodness knows where. To be sure they come back again, but alas—never quite the same.

The Year family is ever so interesting. The children have such varied dispositions that they get on quite happily. They never get into each other's way but mind their own affairs and are all together well behaved. To be sure they are bad at times and you always know it for grown-ups have a way of saying "Isn't this an awful month?"

The Years live in a place called Century. The landlord is a queer sort—he has a notion that his tenants must move every twelfth month, and would you believe it—every time the house number goes up a point. Dear me, what will they do when they get up to all the naughts—it's going to be dreadfully confusing.

By the way, if you care to visit the Years just drop a note to A. Year, 1923 Season Rd., Century. If you ever do call you'll love meeting the children. January is the eldest—he is a handsome boy with red cheeks and a lovely smile. He's a great skater and, dear me, how he can ski! He is out of doors most all of the time; that's why his cheeks are red. January is a lively chap—in fact, so much so that many people try to escape him. He is a bit rough at times to play with; you feel it especially as you grow older.

February is a likable child, she is January's twin-sister. Her cheeks are red too and, like her brother, she loves to skate and coast—but

MRS. YEAR'S FAMILY

By Oleda Schrottky

she cries a great deal. Remember the grown-ups always say "Well, here's the February thaw." You see, that is when she cries and spoils the ponds and hills so that you can't skate or slide. She is a little thing—in fact, the smallest of the Year family.

Then there is March—what a roustabout he is! Really, he's quite bad and gives Mrs. Year a great deal of trouble. He loves tugging at people's coats until they are obliged to wrap them closely about themselves and—mark you—while they are busy at that he knocks off their hats and sends the owner across the City Square where he has thrown them against the fire hydrant or a lamp post—and sometimes in a mud puddle.

April is a pretty child, quite delicate and very sensitive. She cries at the slightest provocation and just when you are losing your patience she smiles so sweetly that you think she is the prettiest thing you ever saw and want to play with her all the time. She is very fond of her sister May and loves sending her flowers. You can't blame her—May is beautiful; everyone loves May. The birds, flowers and trees are always at her doorway, even the clouds stretch out their fluffy sleeves to her.

June is too busy with graduating the children of mortals and sending people off for the summer to give a great deal of time to visitors. Somehow she always gets away from you and you spend the rest of the days wondering why you saw so little of her and wanting to know so lovely a person more intimately.

July and August are the breadwinners of the family. They are farmers and supply the food for

the Years. Mostly any day you can see them cutting hay for the cows and horses, cultivating corn and reaping grain. August begins to thrash the grain but it is too much for him, so his sister September offers her help. She is a most successful farmer—her orchards are beautiful to behold and her flowers glorious beyond description.

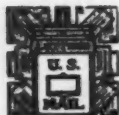
October is a big, strong and extremely handsome chap. He wears gay cravats with a great deal of red and orange splashed all over them. He is a delightful companion—you can spend hours tramping the hills and byways with him. There is a freshness about October that makes you forget you are tired and you regret that you can't tramp on miles more with him.

November is a great home body and you love sitting around the fire with her. She always has a supply of apples and nuts and when you are in a big easy chair at her fire-side you don't care how much the wind howls or what the world does. You feel that you and November could just sit on forever. November is a very grateful person and always sets aside one of her Thursdays at home to thank God for the good things he has sent us.

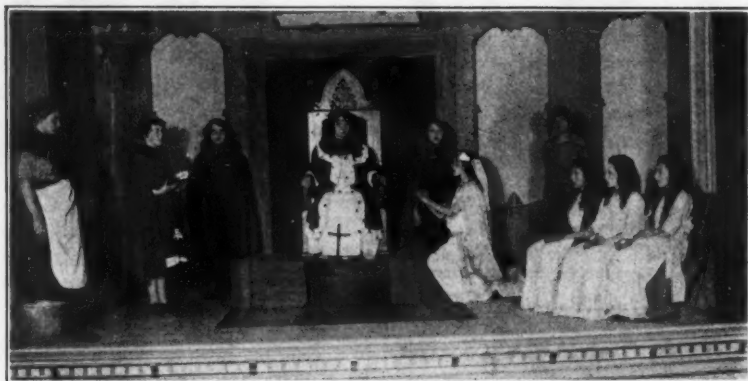
December is the youngest child. It seems strange that she should be so unselfish. Usually the youngest child in the family is spoiled but not so with December. Her one delight is to give gifts and make people happy. She blots out old grievances, brings together friends and families; in short—she makes people remember that they are brothers and spreads the gospel of "Good-will" broadcast.

I'm wondering if I haven't made you curious to know the Years. I repeat if you really want to call just drop a note to Mrs. A. Year. Someone is always at home so you'll be safe in going anytime.

THE END.



SCRIBES' CORNER



The Dreadful Dragon Bold—Pacific Grove, Calif.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

In July, the Pine Cone Troop of Pacific Grove sent \$15 as its gift towards Scouting. It was earned by giving an entertainment at the local theatre which drew a packed house and gave us \$125 in receipts.

The program was varied, consisting of movies showing the daily news and an animal comedy which was followed by a song, "The Barefoot Trail" cleverly enacted on the stage. Two dance numbers were given, one a folk dance in costume called "Laces and Graces" and the other a solo dance. The last number was a play called "The Dreadful Dragon Bold", which brought down the house. This play was published in the January issue of the *Normal Instructor* for 1918. Girl Scouts supplied music during intermissions and for the movies.

The Girl Scouts also helped in a pageant put on by the Chataqua in the spring by enacting the ten laws.

E. P., Captain.

Dallas, Tex.

The Rosewood Troop, No. 9, of Dallas, Tex., gave an all day party, and its program might very easily be carried out by any troop of scouts—it is such a good one! The following were the "events of the day":

- 9:00 a. m.—Assembly of Scouts
- 10:00 a. m.—Preparations for Lunch
- 12:00 m.—Luncheon
- 1:30 p. m.—Dish washing and Order
- 2:15 p. m.—Stunts and Siesta
- 3:30 p. m.—Ice Cream and Cake
- 4:30 p. m.—Demonstration of table setting at a store

- 6:30 p. m.—Brief Scout Meeting
- 7:15 p. m.—Sandwich Supper
- 8:00 p. m.—Games and Dancing
- 10:30 p. m.—"Home, Sweet Home"

The menu for the luncheon was fried chicken, deviled eggs, olives, potato chips, pickles, combination salad, lettuce leaves, potato salad, iced tea, pineapple sherbet, cut cake.

The girls prepared the individual dishes, doing part of the work at home and part at the home of the hostess. At the luncheon, each girl told of her experiences in the preparation of the food, before the toasts began. Talks were given on the following subjects: "What Girl Scouts Can Mean to a Community," "What Girl Scouts Can Mean to Parents," "What Girl Scouts Can Mean to a Girl," "What Girl Scouts Mean to Me" (this was by a Girl Scout who happened to also be the hostess), "My Experiences as the First Captain of Rosewood Troop," "My Hopes and Ideals for Rosewood Troop."

After luncheon the girls rested for fifteen minutes and then organized themselves into a kitchen squad. Within a half hour after they began, no one would ever have known by looking at the kitchen that a luncheon had been served to eighteen people.

If the Girl Scouts will write letters to their English cousins, the Girl Guides, and send them to Miss Katherine Sagrandi, 3 Montpelier Square, S. W. 7, London, England, she will distribute the letters among her troops.

Lawrence, Mass.

The Girl Scout troops of this vicinity and their guests enjoyed an instructive motion picture show one evening, at the Lawrence Boys' club. One of the pictures showed camp life at the scout camp at Long pond, Plymouth, and the second called "The Golden Eaglet" told of the way a Girl Scout won the highest honor that the organization can give, the golden eaglet.

Lieut. Lila Hodge of Red Rose troop sounded assembly on the bugle before the pictures were shown and at the close of the program played Taps which was also sung by the Girl Scouts. Between the showing of the films Oak troop sang "The Hiking Song" and "The Keeper" and Miss Hodge played a march.

Candy was sold by a committee of girls.

The show was given under the direction of Oak troop of which Miss Ethel H. McClary is captain.

—Lawrence Telegram.

Lima, Ohio

The Girl Scout troops had a very successful camping trip this last summer. They camped about ten miles from Lima, and had ten days of glorious camp life. They took many hikes to nearby historic places, and always hiked to the village for supplies. One of their chief sports was driving sheep for the neighboring farmers. As there was a river very near the camp, the girls had great fun wading and swimming. There were eighteen girls in camp except over the weekend, when they were joined by six other girls.

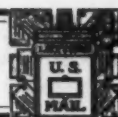
E. K., Captain.

Bronx, N. Y.

Starting at last Christmas, the Bronx Scouts held a large party for the benefit of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children's Society. At this party the Scouts gave an entertainment for the children, who were then detained in the Children's Court.

Several of our troops filled Christmas stockings for the Tuberculosis Society and delivered all the stamps for the Christmas Seal Drive. Another troop undertook to deliver packages for the Big Sister Movement.

HOME NEWS



New Orleans, La.

Mrs. W. A. Porteous and her assistants conducted the camp so ably and efficiently that, although hikes and good times followed one another in rapid succession, we lived our camp life for two weeks without once breaking any rules.

At 9 o'clock every night we were willing to tumble into bed, and remain there until 6 the next morning, when our fun began again. Our program for the day started with morning exercise, followed by morning colors. After colors came personal inspection, when our teeth and finger nails were examined. The breakfast bell called us, and we responded eagerly. After that meal we performed whatever duties were assigned to us, and then made ready for dormitory inspection. When the latter was over, we were free till dinner, after which we were given a rest hour which we all needed. When the whistle announcing rest hour over blew, we arose refreshed and we were free till supper. After that, we rendered a program which always proved interesting. The day ended with night colors at 8:30. After night colors came taps, and we tumbled into our cots for a much needed rest.

Going to camp, however, wasn't the only thing we did this summer. We began it in May with a birthday party. We went on several hikes. We gave two plays. On one, "The Little Grown-Ups," we realized \$40; on the other, "Sophronia's Wedding," we made \$90.

M. T., Scribe, Troop 6.

Toboggan relay racers, Troop 2, St. Johnsbury Vermont.



Santa Fe, N. M.

Twenty-three Girl Scouts, under the chaperonage of the Scout Captain Mrs. R. L. Thornton, Miss Elvina Fullerton, and Mrs. Reed Holloman, motored up the Santa Fe canon to spend a delightful week in the open. They named the whole camp "Camp Merritt C. Mechem," Troop 1, of Santa Fe, N. M. A camp song was composed by Miss Carolyn Asplund, the words being sung to the tune of "The Long, Long Trail." The song follows:

*There is a row of brown tents waiting,
Among the green aspen trees,
Where the smell of fragrant wood smoke
Scents the evening breeze.
There are rugged, pine-clad mountains
Beneath the sky, azure blue,
Oh! to dear Camp Merritt Mechem
Every Scout is true blue.*

The camp was made on Monday, and a marshmallow roast, followed by Indian dances, was the special feature just before the bed hour. Hikes and swims were also on the program.

The girls studied the birds that were found in the hills, under the direction of Mrs. Holloman.

Much credit for the success of the camp was due to the careful planning of the Scout Captain, Mrs. R. L. Thornton. No details were overlooked for the comfort of the camp. The members of Camp Merritt C. Mechem wish to thank all those who so generously used their cars and those who loaned tents, stoves, or other camp equipment.

Broadcasting Scouting!

Something new in radio broadcasting took place on Wednesday evening, November 22d, when the final lecture in the Tufts College Course, delivered from the Medford Hillside Amrad WGI station, was an address from Gov. Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts to the parents and friends of Girl Scouts throughout the State. This was read over the radio telephone by Mrs. Channing Cox who is honorary State Commissioner of the Massachusetts Girl Scouts.

The message was purely one of appreciation, expressing the ideas of Governor Cox as to the value of the Girl Scout movement and its function in the community. This came as part of the effort which the Girl Scouts throughout the State made at this time to secure guarantees of annual contributions which would ensure their annual budget of \$17,000 and make future financial campaigns unnecessary. Mrs. Cox was escorted to the Medford Hillside station on the evening of November 22d by Mrs. Arthur W. Hartt, Massachusetts State Commissioner.



Patrol Banners, Montclair, New Jersey.



SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The letters on this page have been sent to us by a Girl Scout in West Medford, Mass., and one in Springfield, Mass.

DEAR DORCAS:

Thanks ever so much for your most welcome and interesting letter. It seems such a long time since I first wrote to you, that I began to think you had forgotten me, or perhaps that my letter had gone astray; anyway, it did arrive at last. I am awfully sorry that I forgot to tell you my surname, and I think I am rather lucky to have a reply from you under the circumstances, and so I have written and thanked Miss Sagrandi, who so kindly sent your letter on to me. I think the Girl Guide post box is a most wonderful thing, really, because you can learn such a lot about other companies, that it makes you almost imagine you are with them.

I feel sure you are wanting to know how we run our company, so I will tell you a little about ourselves. I think I told you we had six patrols, and as I have not been a leader very long, my patrol is not quite full, but when I get a new recruit it will just fill the company, making a total of 48 Guides, 50 with the Guiders (Captain and Lieutenant). We named ourselves the Bluebell Patrol, and it is rather a pretty emblem, being bright blue in color, and also our shoulder knots, making quite a contrast on our dark uniforms. Do you have patrol corners? We do, and I think they are most interesting. We have quite a collection of leaves, which we press, and then we mount them in a book, with the name and where we found it, written underneath. We also have drawings and paintings of animals and birds, which look quite effective, worked in bright colors. We only have our corners hung up in the winter time, just to make the room look a little more cheerful and bright, but in the summer we have a nature corner, and each Guide plants some kind of flower or vegetable, and brings them along each Tuesday evening which is our club night, to let the rest of the patrol see how they are progressing. The Trio Patrol sounds awfully sweet, and it

is so uncommon as a Patrol emblem, that is one of the reasons why I chose our emblem because, although it grows anywhere and everywhere, you do not hear about it very much in Guiding.

I was quite surprised when I read your letter at your height and weight, why Dorcas, you must be ever so much taller than I, and I am considered quite a big girl for my age.

Are any of your company going to camp this year, there are about twenty-six of our guides going to Abergele, North Wales, (I do not suppose you are any the wiser) for a fortnight, and we have only a month to wait, before we will be enjoying ourselves down by the sea, so I will write to you from there.

Enclosed you will find a few snaps which were taken at camp last year, there are not very many, but they are all that I have left, so I will send you some along after the holidays. They are not very good snaps of Lieutenant and I, but Captain's are very good indeed.

It is our guide sports on July 8th, and we are all busy practising for them just at the present, we want to win the picture if we possibly can, but unfortunately, sports are our weakest point, but we have done very well considering that our company has only been open three years, and we have won the picture for the best company in the division for two years in succession, as well as the first prize in the Musical Vestival (10 shillings and a certificate.)

Are you very keen on sports apart from guiding? I am, and at present, my latest craze is boating, and the club that I am in, arranges races against other clubs, which are

awfully exciting both to the competitors and the onlookers. We also have a cricket club belonging to the guides, and we challenge other companies to a match, and they in return challenge us to something which they are interested in.

Well, Dorcas, I think that you have heard enough about *our company* for the present, hoping to hear from you very soon.

With best love,

Your sincere friend

(Signed) VIOLET PARRY.

MY DEAR SCOUT SISTER FRANCES:

As there are a few moments before tea, I will have time to write you a long letter.

I thought you understood that this is an orphan home where I live. Only lame girls can come here. However, I am getting better all the time; you see it's just my back that is lame.

The other night we went to an opera in which our Captain and Lieutenant took part. Our Captain looked very lovely.

We are going to have an exhibition of our needlework very soon, and after I have finished mine, I will send you a small sample of it.

You can keep those Gazettes. I will send you them each month. I would very much like to have you send me *THE AMERICAN GIRL* because I enjoyed reading it so much. The other girls did, too.

I was glad to hear that you know and love our Girl Guide song. We all love it, too, especially the line "comradeship still keeping," when we all put our arms around each other. It makes it seem so real, you know.

We don't have regular meetings, but on Thursdays we have Guide classes for all the girls who belong to the company.

Our entertainment went off beautifully. We made over thirty dollars for our treasury, which was badly in need of funds.

I am glad for you that you could go to that state camp again last summer. I have never had the joy of camping, as I am not very strong, and my back is quite weak if I walk very far.

An ocean of love.

Your Guide sister,

ELSIE.





Our Party Page

Snow Party

EVERYONE knows that loads of evergreen and cotton snow with icicles, is all that is necessary for a January party. Personally, we think that outdoor trimmings are much more beautiful than anything bought at a store, but some city children may find it easier to obtain bright colored or white paper. That is where our big, kind friend Dennison & Company of Framingham, Mass., can help you. Write to them for pamphlets and they will help you with directions for all kinds of novel decorations. But, whatever you use, plan to have the rooms softly lighted,—candles are beautiful and appropriate if you can arrange them so there is no danger from fire—in other words, if you make artificial snow with cotton batting and diamond dust keep the candles away from it!

Decorate your invitations with snow-men, trees or pictures of winter scenes. If anyone in the troop is clever enough to write a verse or jingle, it would be just the thing.

If you hang an evergreen wreath over the door to the living room and insist that the guests throw a ball through it before they can enter, everyone will forget to be stiff or to act formal in the excitement.

You probably know what games you like to play best—but we are printing a few which seemed new to us!

Pull in, Pull Out: Draw or place a circle of snow on the floor. Guests should hold hands and dance around it to quick music. Anyone touching the circle is out. Game should continue until one player remains. The prize may be a box filled with homemade candy.

Hunt Kandy: Hide hard candies all over the room, wrapping them in tissue paper. Give each guest a little crepe paper basket, with instructions to hunt for candy for fifteen minutes. The candy which each girl finds is a prize in itself.

Jingle Bells: Suspend a large wreath in a doorway at a con-

venient height from the floor, with a bell hidden in it. Prepare in advance "snowballs" made of cotton batting covered with white tissue paper. The players stand about eight feet from the wreath and take turns, one at a time. Each is given three "snowballs," and the one who succeeds in throwing all three, one at a time, through the wreath, is given a prize. To make it more exciting, sides may be chosen, and each one of the three snowballs numbered, one being 5, the other 10 and the third 20. If the ball numbered 5 goes through, it counts 5 for that player's side. If it does not go through, it is a loss, and so on. If a player accidentally hits the little bell, which is hidden somewhere in the wreath, it counts 25 for his side. The side scoring the most points is victorious.

Candles of Cheer: A small tree is placed on a table. The candles are lighted. Blindfold the players, one at a time, turn them around three times, and allow each to take five steps toward the tree. Then they must blow as hard as they can, endeavoring to blow out all the lights, if possible. The one who succeeds in extinguishing the most receives a prize. (A handkerchief marked, "For the blower" would be appropriate.)

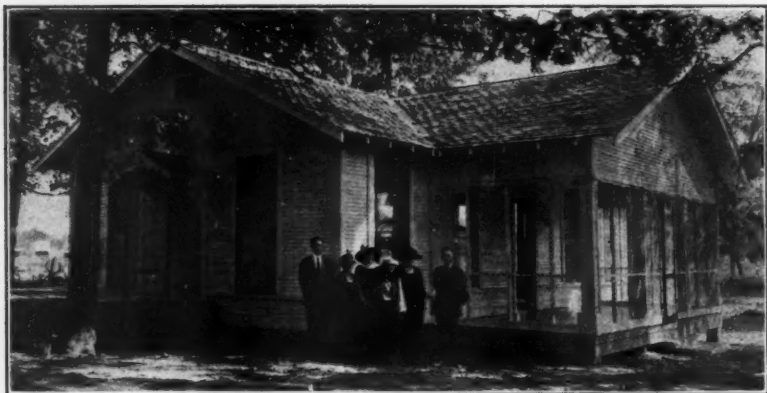
Fishpond: Most Girl Scouts have played "fishpond," but here is a novel way to make it seasonable. Whittle out of wood (or have the handy man of the family do it) as many little fishes as you are to have guests. Each fish should have a small screw-eye in its back. A large washtub should be placed in the center of the room, decorated with

evergreens to represent a pond. You may request each guest to bring, securely wrapped, a gift not to cost over ten cents. A member of the Entertainment Committee should receive the packages and number them. Fishes with corresponding numbers should be placed in the tub. Each fisherman should be given a pole and line upon which there is a hook. All begin to fish at the same time. The one catching the first fish should be awarded an extra prize, also the one catching the last. There will be no unlucky anglers, and when each catches a fish the package bearing the duplicate number should be presented.

I Went to Paris and I Bought: Seat the guests in a circle and appoint a leader. The leader says: "I went to Paris and I bought a pair of scissors," and makes the motion of scissors cutting something by moving the first and second fingers apart. The person next to her says the same thing and makes the same motion, and so on until each one has said it and is doing the same thing. Then the leader says: "I went to Paris and I bought a pair of scissors and a rocking chair." She makes the motion of the scissors and moves her body back and forth as if she were rocking. After that has gone around the circle, she adds that she bought a pair of shoes after repeating her other two purchases. She then puts her feet out for you to see the new shoes, and keeps up the motion of the other two. The last thing which she buys is a rooster. After that has gone around, everyone is supposed to be moving their fingers like a pair of scissors, rocking like a chair, showing their new shoes, and cuckoo-a-doo-adoo-ing at the same time; that is, if it is possible to do all these things and laugh, too.

After all these games and good times your guests will be hungry, and we suggest that you have very simple refreshments. Cocoa and sandwiches with hard candies, nuts and raisins, would be very popular, or if you wish to add cake, no Girl Scout will feel badly.

If you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.



Blue Bonnet Lodge in Sunny Texas.

Paris, Tex.

"Blue Bonnet Lodge," the home of the Girl Scouts of Paris, Texas, an attractive little house, the gift of the Lions Club, is the realization of a dream that seemed almost too good to be true.

"Blue Bonnet Lodge" boasts three rooms, a living room 40 x 24 feet: opening off of this West, is a lovely screened porch; to the East, a kitchenette 12 x 10 and a dressing room of the same dimensions. The walls are a cool light grey, with wood work of azure blue, softened and warmed by rich, burnt orange curtains and upholstery.

The furniture, ivory and black mahogany, is plain and substantial, but very beautiful. On the floor, which was laid especially so that the girls could dance on it, are beautiful grass rugs in tones of blue and grey with designs of burnt orange making a pleasing note of color. A Victrola and records, an electric stove, numbers of books

and magazines, easy chairs, pictures and vases gifts of generous hearted men and women all combine to make "Blue Bonnet Lodge" a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The Girl Scouts of Paris are indeed fortunate and they have resolved to live up to their opportunities and privileges more fully than they have ever done in the past.

Bronx, N. Y.

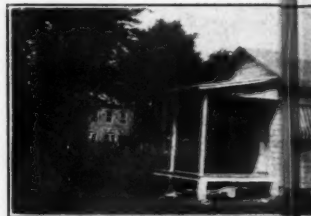
Dr. William A. Murrill, the Curator of the Museum of Bronx Park, became interested in the Girl Scout movement, and because he was living alone in a house, kindly moved to a few rooms up-

GIRL SCOUTS

And How They Live

stairs and allowed us to have the use of five of the main rooms. We received the house, March, 1920. Since that time the house has been a scene of practically all the Scout parties held in the Bronx.

Last year the girls, assisted by Dr. Murrill, took care of the garden.



A dear little home in the Bronx.



Away in the Rocky Mountains—Camp Vigil, Colorado Springs, Colo. (See page 25.)



A Real Girl Scout Mansion, Bronx, N. Y.

These affairs so impressed the President of the Bronx Artists Guild that he painted the flowers and presented one of the paintings to the Club.

In back of the house is a yard where we have erected a fireplace and many nights are enjoyed around the campfire out of doors.

Dr. Murrill has not only given us his house with all its furnishings but has also been evening after evening with the girls teaching them Nature Study, Star Gazing, and Zoology. He is also a Council Member.



No better place than San Diego, Cal.

SCOUT HOMES

How They Won Them



Scout home Elizabeth, N. J.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Elizabeth has a new Girl Scout Headquarters. The building was bought and erected through the faithful and self-sacrificing work of the Junior Council. The land on which it stands has been loaned by the Y. M. C. A. until such time as they are able to



*Camp Jo—
A dream
come true—
New Albany,
Indiana.*

build a larger edifice.

The building is 22 feet wide by 37 feet long, and there is a large club room for the scouts which covers about half of the building, and the other half is divided into a tea room and kitchen.

J. E. W., Local Director.

New Albany, Ind.

CAMP JO.

A few short months ago, in the spring of this year, we had a dream—just a visionary idea of the kind of a place we would want for our "Scout Home".

The dream continued to shine

brightly ahead, tho, and it was just about this time that a farmer located near the little town of Sellersburg, Ind., (about ten miles from New Albany) a man with a heart as big as all outdoors, who is a relative of our captain and had consequently heard all about the

"dream house" told us that he would gladly donate to the cause five acres of his farm, including a pretty little lake where we could swim.

After a bit of investigation we found that we would need about \$700 to do what we wanted.

Feeling that what we were trying to do was, or at least should be, a matter of interest of the community at large, the officers of our troop got together and sent out a circular letter to all the business men and concerns in New Albany telling them of our efforts and asking them to send us any amount of money at all that they could spare for the advancement of our work. This brought us quite a bit, both of money and building material.

Then we had shows and sales, and some of the girls saved their spending money for a period, until finally we had enough to think about hiring a contractor. It was necessary for us to borrow some money from the bank, which debt we are, of course, quite anxious to pay as soon as possible.

*N. E. P.
Troop 1.*



The Cabin, Minneapolis, Minn.



*Children's Center,
San Diego, Cal (See page 38.)*

*The Basketry
Class, Detroit
Girl Scout
Headquarters.*





THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT

Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs



Weather Lore

THE Chinese hold New Year's Day as the greatest fête day of all the year, and they celebrate it first and foremost by paying up all their bills and settling all their old accounts. After that they make a lot of noise and send off fireworks and hang banners all over their houses and across their streets.

Don't you think that is a pretty good way of beginning the New Year, and don't you think we Americans are a little too apt to forget most of the unfinished business of the year before? Aren't we always starting off a lot of New Year's resolutions on entirely new lines and ignoring those things that we had half begun, and in this way aren't we throwing into the waste pile a lot of experience and effort, to say nothing of time and money that we had already spent on unfinished tasks?

Supposing this year, Scouts, we try the Chinese method; suppose we settle up our accounts of last year before we go on to anything new. Let's begin right now in January to finish those half-done tasks that we keep putting off from week to week. Where is that dress you started to make last Spring? Get it out of the drawer where you have rolled it into as tight a wad as possible, so as not to notice it, and finish putting in the sleeves. It is just as well it hasn't been hemmed, for if you make it a little longer and let the belt down a bit lower it will do just exactly as well for your next Summer's wardrobe. And how about that sweater you were knitting? You thought you didn't have enough wool to finish it, but they are wearing them so much shorter now it will very nearly do and, if not, you can put a smart tight band of a contrasting shade around the bottom and to finish the cuffs, and that will make the wool you have just about go.

And since we are speaking of accounts to be settled, how about

that visit you were going to make once a week to your little sick friend who can't get out in the Winter time. And do I hear a whisper from some of my Scout pals that they haven't yet written their Christmas thanks letters. Oh, indeed, I could make a list as long as from my desk here in Colorado to the Editor's chair in New York for all I have to do is to heed the pricking of my own conscience, but I am hoping these few suggestions will start you off with a few pricks of your own while I get busy on my own cleaning up of last year's job.

There are several of those problems we have left drifting about without any answers, and then there are the poor bees flying around with their wings covered with red paint and anisette and probably very unpopular at home. We, that is I, you notice I love to speak of myself as the entire staff, will squeeze the problems into this number and if possible I'll tuck in a new one just to keep the ball rolling. Then next month we'll put those poor bees back in their hive and incidentally get all their honey, and then oh joy, oh joy it will be March and Spring will be here and we can start out on all sorts of new Spring and Summer plans.

But before Winter is entirely behind us let me ask you, Have you sewed tapes into the inside of your arctics and rubbers so you can tie them together and hang them on your hook at school? No! Well I am surprised. I'll give just two shakes of a lamb's tail to get them done.

ANSWER TO PROBLEMS IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

How to keep the light out of your eyes in the early morning out of doors. Tie your black necktie over your eyes. Or a better and a cleaner way is to keep a very old and soft stocking for this purpose and if it makes a bunch in the back,

cut it off where the ends come together and tie it with two little tapes or bits of ribbon.

How to water the vines in a small vineyard on a hillside if you have a hose and a barrel of rain water at the top of the hill.

Bring the two ends of the hose together by the barrel holding them up so that you can fill the hose with a can or jug until it is full of water. Then drop one end into the barrel well below the surface of the water and carry the other end to each vine in turn. Be sure your hose is full of water to begin with and that the end where the water runs out is at a lower level than the end that is in the barrel. With these conditions fulfilled you will have no trouble getting the water to your vines. The principle is that of a siphon and the pressure of the air on the surface of the water in the barrel is what forces the water up the little incline of hose that runs over the edge of the barrel. (Scout Mary Guyer of Troop 7, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania sent in the best answer to this problem.)

New Problem

You have a bottle with a glass stopper that won't come out. You are in a great hurry, and there is no water to pour on the neck, though you know that if heat is applied it will cause the glass to expand and the stopper will be loosened. You also know that heat in the form of fire of any kind will break the bottle. You must get the bottle open at once. How are you going to do it? There is a principle involved here which, if correctly stated, I shall give credit for, even if the simplest method for its application is not discovered.



CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 8.)

please; I hate the taste of tea—when it's really tea," she said.

She drank the tea and felt better for it, though the cup was thick and the spoon pewter.

"Thanks, Gabriel Gaby, you dear old thing," she said, putting down Mate, who had gone to sleep in a round mat upon her lap. "I must go home. Cassandra Billings will be worried; it's past tea-time, but father isn't home, so it doesn't matter. And he was going away anyway! Isn't it the queerest story, all around!"

"I wish to goodness I'd of been asked to see that capture, Sylvie," said Gabriel Gaby wistfully. "But of course you hadn't the right to invite guests. Sylvie, when you thought your father was a criminal, it didn't seem to make you go back on him? You didn't seem to desert him, so to speak? Did you notice it?"

"My father? How could I? You love anybody through anything, don't you, if you love him I wish, Gabriel, my father wasn't so busy or that I could know something about his work, for I'd be glad, glad, *gladdest* if I could know him quite well, and he liked to have me about! But it's all right, of course, and no one would go back on anybody, even if they had to—to live in—in prison. Good-bye; thank you more than I can say, Gabriel. You are a dear, and I feel lots better."

With which valedictory Sylvia ran away, O'Malley at her heels, once more after her usual fashion.

Gabriel Gaby watched her away, then he turned to his neglected dinner, now cold.

"There's kinder a leadin' in them last remarks of yours, my Sylvie, I believe I'll meddle in, an' see what I can do when Clement Bell comes home! Maybe it'll set for sunshine for Sylvia," he said, talking to himself after the fashion of those who have lived long alone.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sylvia's reward.

GABRIEL GABY burned incense to each new day in his short-stemmed briarwood pipe, seated outside his door, after his trifling work was done.

He sat there now, smoking with slow, deep whiffs of solid comfort. Mate sat on the plank that served

as a doorstep, arching her neck in order to get at her white front with her busy tongue, having finished her back at last to her entire satisfaction.

Early though it was, Mr. Bell came down the beach and hailed Gabriel as he came.

"You're gettin' home betimes, Mr. Bell," said Gabriel. "Must have started early."

"At six," said Mr. Bell. "I am used to lengthening out my days by using sleeping hours for other purposes, at either end of the day."

He set down the travelling bag and opened it.

"I found a barometer that strikes me as a good one, Gaby," he said, turning over the contents of the bag and exhuming from the bottom a square box.

He opened the box and displayed a round barometer.

"Put it up and test it," he said. "If it's all right keep it as a gift from my little girl, who spoke to me not long ago of wanting to get you a birthday present, which, I am ashamed to say, I forgot about till it came to me as I was buying this. If you don't like the instrument, let me know, and I'll send it back and we'll try another."

"That'd very kind, Mr. Bell," said Gabriel Gaby. "I don't want you should think I was hintin' for a present when I asked you to fetch me this home. I intended to pay for it."

"Of course, of course, but I'm glad to get it for you. I understand from Sylvia that you do her many kindnesses," said Mr. Bell.

"Well, I'll be honest with you," said Gabriel. "I'd like to do for Sylvie. See here, Mr. Clement Bell, I wonder if you rightly know what that girl of yours is?"

"She's a nice child and, I think, a pretty one, and I am sure I hope a good one," said Sylvia's father with an indulgent smile.

"Oh, Jehosaphat! She's more'n that by a good deal! She's 'most a woman. She's one in ten thousand, that's what she is. Just as brave an' besides an' what's more, she's a true little woman, doesn't stop at anything for them she loves, an' finding no satisfaction in all her cleverness unless she's got someone who loves her, fer her to live and die for. That's Sylvie Bell. Just you let me tell you what that poor girl's been endurin' and doin' for two days! It beats all. Just set

(Continued on page 25.)

Progress of the Certificate Appeal to the Lone Troops

	
THE GIRL SCOUTS, INC. Certificate No. _____ 189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY September 1, 1922	THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT _____ has contributed _____ dollars to National Headquarters as a gift to assist in the formation of other troops of scouts.

The following are the Lone Troops that have made donations during the past month and have received certificates:

Troop 1—Evansville, Indiana	\$10.00
Troop 2—Cuba, New York	5.00
Troop 1—Kent, Ohio	20.00
Troop 1—Waxahachie, Texas	10.00
Troop 1—Bolton Landing, New York	10.00
Troop 1—Douglas, Wyoming	10.00
Troop 2—Douglas, Wyoming	10.00
Troop 1—Wellman, Iowa	10.00
Troop 1—Franklin, New York	5.00
Troop 1—Montpelier, Indiana	10.00
Troop 1—Wave Neck, Virginia	5.00
Troop 1—Tamaqua, Pennsylvania	5.50
Troop 2—Glenbrook, Connecticut	20.00
Troop 1—Lima, Ohio	5.00
Troop 2—Cranford, New Jersey	10.00
Troop 1—Braddock, Pennsylvania	10.00
Troop 2—Morristown, New Jersey	10.00
Troop 3—Morristown, New Jersey	10.00
Troop 4—Morristown, New Jersey	10.00
Troop 5—Morristown, New Jersey	10.00
Troop 1—Platteville, Wisconsin	10.00
Troop 1—Concord, New Hampshire	5.00
Troop 1—Northfield, Minnesota	10.00
Troop 2—Bentleyville, Pennsylvania	10.00
Troop 1—Montour, Idaho	5.00
Troop 1—Tarentum, Pennsylvania	10.00
Troop 1—Shelby, Ohio	10.00
Troop 1—Hillburn, New York	5.00
Troop 1—Enfield, North Carolina	10.00
Troop 2—Wichita, Kansas	12.00
Troop 1—Camp Knox, Kentucky	10.00
Troop 2—Marion, Ohio	5.00
Troop 1—Sparkill, New York	10.00
Troop 1—Hancock, New York	5.00
Troop 1—Geneva, New York	15.00

Golden Eaglets

Mary Walker, Tr. 100, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sarah Wolff, Tr. 16, Elizabeth, N. J.

Hilda Strohl, Tr. 5, Elizabeth, N. J.

Helen Rose, Tr. 2, Elmira, N. Y.

Isabel B. Lawrence, Tr. 3, Jersey City, N. J.

Lieut. Connor, Tr. 1, Middletown, Ohio

Doris Keating, Tr. 140, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dorothy Pearlman, Tr. 89, Philadelphia, Pa.

Important Notice!

The regulation uniform for Girl Scouts is either the long coat or the short coat and skirt. Scouts who are ordering uniforms should order one of these. Bloomers and middies are accessories, to be worn under the uniform, if desired, or in camp. They are not official uniform for regular wear.

SCOUT RIPPLES

By The Water Scout, Commodore W. E. Longfellow

Life Saving Corps, Red Cross



Safety Measures for Ice Accidents

In connection with the Red Cross Life Saving Corps' nationwide campaign against preventable drownings, consideration of the possibilities of ice accidents is in order at this time.

It is helpful to locate warning signs and posters near the skating pond. The life buoy from the "old swimmin' hole" should be kept in service for winter accidents. The 17-inch cork ring with its 60 feet of strong line, which can be secured from the supply department of the Red Cross, is ideal for ice accidents as well as for open water rescues. A numbed skater can thrust an arm through the ring in case his hands are too cold to hang on to the line. Local Life Saving Committees and careful parents can get from the local park departments and ice companies data on the strength of ice of various thicknesses. The South Park Commissioners of Chicago report that good black ice made when the temperature is low is strongest, but that towards the end of the season ice becomes very brittle, and the thicknesses which would have been ample when the ice was first made would not hold up the same loads later in the season.

Superintendent Richards states: "I will say that the necessary thickness to permit skating depends considerably upon the kind of ice and the size of the body of water in question. Of the good black ice made when the temperature is low, a thickness of 2 inches will support a person, remembering that the smaller the pond the better the ice will support. It is advisable that persons do not congregate in one particular spot upon the ice, as it is not well to concentrate the strain because of the danger of breaking through."

"We have found that freshly made ice, 4 inches thick, will support a team of horses and an ice-planing machine with driver, without breaking. The thickness that we feel is required to support a large gathering

of persons is from 4 to 6 inches, depending on the temperature when it is made." These figures are corroborated by Lieutenant-Colonel C. O. Sherrill, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., in charge of public buildings and grounds for the District of Columbia. He says that two inches of ice will safely bear several persons walking across a pond of water, provided they do not walk too close together; 4 inches of ice will safely support an ordinary crowd for skating, and 5 inches will safely support a team of horses. The strength of salt water ice would vary with the amount of salt contained in the water. The findings by the experts quoted are for fresh-water ice.

Park departments are careful about opening up ice areas for skating until proper tests are made. As in open water drownings, the danger spots are well known and accidents have recurred there year after year. Chapter Life Saving Committees should see to it that a ladder marked "For Life Saving Only," or some planks painted white and marked "Red Cross for Ice Rescue" are available at these skating ponds. These are inexpensive, and the sign will keep the boys from breaking them up for bonfires. Members of the Life Saving Corps might carry hockey sticks with a flax life line wound around the handle for the grip. This cord is but little heavier than thread, but is very strong, and N. T. Fagg of Sanford, Me., has devised a spur for the handle to aid in climbing out if a skater gets in a hole.

The same man, who is much concerned about ice accidents in his native State, has also devised and also recommends a cane to be carried on hiking and skating trips, and around this is wound about 150



feet of seine cord. A brass ferule in the middle of the cane permits its use as a throwing stick, the line paying out freely from the center

as the heavier end is scaled across the ice to the person in the water. This cord would be valuable in case the rescuer was obliged to go to bottom through a hole in the ice to recover a body, as it would guide him back to the opening again. Ice accident victims who keep their head clear can get out and it is well to remember to spread the body over as large a surface of ice as possible and distribute the weight.

Victims of submersion through the ice must be treated the same as any other drowned or suffocated person. If it is freezing weather, the clothing will freeze and protect them from the icy winds. If conscious, they should be made to run to the nearest shelter where dry clothing can be procured, and they should be given a brisk rub-down.

Running the patient is impossible where he is unconscious, but resuscitation by Prone Pressure can be performed through overcoat and blankets, and the usual applications of hot water bags, heated bricks and flatirons are indicated.

PREPAREDNESS is more than half the battle. The neighborhood should be prepared to prevent the disasters of the skating and ice cutting seasons. The presence of the rescue appliances serves admirably to warn skaters of the danger possibilities of that waterway. As an added precaution a long pole with curved wire hooks at the end might be added as an aid to recovering persons who have gone to the bottom. Where there is a Life Saving Corps, the placing of this equipment should be done by the corps members, who can add to their service record by this work and by patrolling skating ponds.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 23.)

down and let me tell you. It's goin' to surprise you, but it'll gratify you wonderful."

"Sylvia? Enduring?" echoed Mr. Bell, frowning, but resuming his seat.

"En—during!" affirmed Gabriel Gaby emphatically. "There's been a pair of detectives 'round here lately, huntin' for some counterfeits. They went to Sylvia and asked 'f she'd ever seen anyone answerin' their description. And, Mr. Clement Bell, that man 'twas the head one spoke to Sylvie—went on and described a man that worked in secret, was kinder keeping off—described you, in fact, and nobody but you, in this place. And Sylvie'd been kinder struck by findin' you early mornin's diggin' round on the beach—that mornin' she brought you home when Eben went off forgot you was one of them. And it grabbed her right round the heart that the father she downright worshipped was a criminal! Poor girl; she was hard hit."

"I? I a counterfeiter! Sylvia thought I was a criminal! Good heavens!" cried Mr. Bell aghast.

"What could she think? Remember there wa'n't any one else fitted that description, an' you hadn't let her know what you was doin'," Gabriel Gaby said.

"But look at this! Did she faint, or cry, or run away, or do any girl-sort of monkey tricks when she got that stab right in her adorin' heart? Not Sylvie! She kep' her head, an' she told that man a story about a tumble-down house where counterfeits might hide. It seems she'd found that old Willis house, where they say smugglers used to stay, an' had been makin' a kind o' story of it, the way children do, fer on one side Sylvie is a child. An' it popped into her head, an' she told the men it was the only place where such criminals might hide, an' she said she'd take both detectives there the next day. To gain time, do y' see? Then home she went, pretty near dead, an' kep' it from you, but told you the men was scourin' the place, so's t' get you to go off. And off you did go, an' that poor thing was thankful you took her hint an' had run away, usin' the chance she'd purvided you by turnin' the trail up to that old house, yet, an' at the same time, bein' killed all over again by your goin', provin' you guilty. Then yes't'day she led the men up to that old house, the

Hapgood boy, Mis' Leveritt's nephew, goin' along to see her through, an' there I'll be cut up fer bait, if there wasn't the counterfeits' den, machinery and all! An' they caught em, an' Sylvie come on down, an' got her boat an' sailed 'em, the whole party, slap down to jail, comfortable's you please! An' she stopped here to tell me this story, an' she as near done up as any one you ever seen. I made her some tea, an' I cleared up her last torment by telling her you went away 'cause that was what you was 'lottin' on doin' in the first place, an' she went home pretty near our old Sylvie. How's that?"

Mr. Bell was pacing up and down in the greatest distress as he listened to Gabriel Gaby's long story without an interruption, except an occasional groan.

Long as the story was, it omitted much which Mr. Bell was able by his imagination to supply.

"Gaby, it's horrible!" he cried at last. "Sylvia, that child, to be called upon to play this part! And she brought the criminals away in her boat? My brave little girl! How marvellous that they were actually there, in the spot she suggested, without a hope that it was correct!"

"D'you ever in your born days?" Gabriel Gaby confirmed him. "But bad's 'twas to tramp up there, leadin' that expedition, an' worse's 'twas to bring off then pris'ners, 'twan't a circumstance on her torture thinkin' you guilty and disgraced, an' keepin' it to herself, tryin' to get you off 'thout tellin' you to your face what she knew. An', see here, Mr. Bell, how many girls would, or could, stand by a disgraced father like that?"

"She's a heroine!" cried Mr. Bell, tears in his eyes.

"Yes, an' more," Gabriel Gaby persisted, determined to finish his good work. "She's a lonely girl, lovin', you an' kinder worshippin' you, yet shut out from you. Sylvie's hungry fer your notice, an' now you know just what she'd do fer you, an' that she ain't quite the little girl you've been takin' her fer. It's my opinion that you'd get a great bargain 'f you was to kinder take into your business a partner so rich in such a great capital of courage an' devotion, so to speak. 'F you'll allow me to speak my mind plain, which is my way when I do speak."

Mr. Bell looked profoundly moved. He wrung Gabriel Gaby's calloused hand and made two or

(Continued on page 26.)

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Long before the largest grey beard Scout of us all can remember a large cabin was built for the use of the Choir boys of a certain church. Twelve miles into the mountains along the Cripple Creek Stage Road and far back out of sight of the Devil's home on Cheyenne Mountain, just at the foot of Vigil Peak behind which stands Mount Baldy—twelve miles from the place where the little Fountain flows into the big Fountain, and where the city called Colorado Springs had sprung up, this cabin was built on the shore of a little mountain lake.

On the top of the peak which casts its shadow into the lake, a minister of the Gospel once held lonely vigil, and because of the dream he dreamed he called the peak Vigil Peak, and the cabin which he built Camp Vigil.

For a long time it belonged to the church but when he went on the cabin became all men's property. For a while the Y. M. C. A. used it, then after several years the Boy Scouts bought it for themselves. The Rotary Club built them a cabin very near town, only about three miles from the row of houses that stretch along the road from Colorado Springs to Manitou. And so Camp Vigil was for sale.

The Girl Scout Council pondered long and thoughtfully. The road to Vigil was not of the best. Since the stage line to Cripple Creek stopped and new automobile roads have been built, not many people use this road. Still in that year the Cripple Creek Short Line was still running, and this passed only about two miles from Vigil, also there is a forestry station not so very far off, and a ranch or so down the valley. Transportation seemed not impossible and if the girls were to go into the mountains they were probably better off far from the beaten track of tourists and tramps. Because of these things Camp Vigil fell into the hands of the Girl Scouts.

The cabin is much bigger than it looks in the picture. There are two smaller rooms about the size of a grade school room in front and two large rooms over twice the size of the others, in the back—one enclosed and one not. The unenclosed room or porch was used as camp dining hall and the enclosed one for rainy night sleeping place. One small room was the kitchen and the other was the nurses room.

Violet Troop Scout Librarian.



Robinhood

Most young people delight in the tales of Robinhood and his merry men—and just think what an opportunity it is for them to see him, laughing, joking and playing in the midst of death. Good King Richard and his wicked brother Prince John never again will seem like strangers, while Maid Marion was perfect.

Douglas Fairbanks, with a most excellent company, makes Robinhood live again and does it admirably. There is surely no one in the movies who could have done better, even if he does at times show us some of his acrobatic stunts.



The photography is beautiful—the castle scenes being simply superb, while the scenes in Sherwood pass expectations. There is no question but that it will prove very popular among the Girl Scouts.

Remember—Use your own Girl Scout Moving Picture—The Golden Eaglet—Write to "The American Girl" for particulars.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued on page 25.)

three attempts to command his voice before he succeeded.

"Gaby, old friend, I'm grateful," he said. "I'm engulfed in my work. I've never realized, I suppose, that Sylvia had left childhood behind her. I do see, now that I consider, how lonely a young girl might be who was passing into womanhood without anyone to whom to turn for proof of love and confidence, on whom to lavish such a creature's devotion. Sylvia should be rarely endowed with love, she—inherits great-heartedness. You remember her mother, my wife? Thank you for opening my eyes, Gaby. This is a wonderful, a disturbing story you've told me, but one to make any father proud. I'll go home—and find Sylvia."

Once more he wrung Gaby's hand. Then he bundled the contents of his black bag into it, caught it up and hurried away with boyish eagerness.

In the meantime Sylvia, not expecting her father's return, and being utterly worn out, for the first time in her memory when she awakened, had not hurried to rise that morning.

Cassandra Billings came up with an anxious face to learn what was wrong, for Sylvia was always an energetic and early riser, being too full of plans to afford to waste daylight hours.

"Sick, Miss Sylvia?" she inquired, her head thrust into Sylvia's room, her body in the hall.

"No, not a bit, Casabianca—Cassie," Sylvia said sleepily, falling into Cassandra's nickname and sleepily correcting herself. "I'm tired, that's all."

"You tired," exclaimed Cassandra incredulously. "Of course you're not tired, a girl like you! You're sick. I'll fix you something to take."

"It seems to me that for two days everybody has been saying to me: 'A girl like you!'" said Sylvia, arousing to meet this new danger. "Some day, when I'm rested, I'll tell you why I'm tired; I'm pretty sure you'll think it enough reason. I thought I'd just plain lie in bed late and rest this morning. But, if it worries you, I'll get up. I'll be down soon, Cassandra. I don't care about a hot breakfast. Let me have some bread and butter and berries, and a glass of milk, nothing more."

"And you say you're not sick!" ejaculated Cassandra, departing in a sort of fury of incredulity.

She was surer of Sylvia's ill health than before when the girl appeared later, dark circles beneath her eyes, weariness expressed by her drooping body and languid step.

"I've known you for fifteen years, Miss Sylvia, an' never once have I seen you like this," said Cassandra sternly.

"I've known myself nearly as long, not quite, because I didn't get acquainted with myself for a while after you knew me pretty well, and I don't remember feeling like this," Sylvia replied, shaking out her napkin and looking with disfavor at a glass of milk waiting beside her plate. "But you see, Cassandra Billings, my dear, I never before lived through such exciting times. I never before helped the government capture two counterfeiters, nor sailed two criminals to jail in my boat."

Sylvia's eyes fell as she said this so that Cassandra could not see the laughter in them, but she managed to look up under her dark lashes and see the utter consternation justly imprinted upon that worthy person's face.

Cassandra dropped into a chair near the door; she turned pale and gasped.

"Sylvia Bell, Miss Sylvia Bell," she cried, "for the love of lightning, what'll you tell me next!"

"A whole lot, Cassie, but I won't tell you now," Sylvia could no longer keep her laughter back, which rang out in an infectious peal.

"When you go to market you'll hear the rest of it, and probably a great deal more than I know myself. The whole place must be talking about it. But there are some things that nobody will know but the Hapgoods and me, and Gabriel Gaby, and you, when I tell you. And father if he should care to hear about it."

Sylvia sighed a little and turned her attention to her raspberries. Cassandra, meditation upon Sylvia's meagre information, came back to announce that she was going to fetch the vegetables which she had ordered for dinner.

"You can't half trust 'em to send 'em in time," Cassandra said, and Sylvia nodded with complete understanding.

"Sure-ly, Cassandra," she laughed. "Good morning to go to

the market yourself! I half thought you would go!"

Cassandra departed with more than usual dignity to convey to Sylvia her superiority to the curiosity imputed to her.

Sylvia compromised on raspberries and her glass of milk for her breakfast, and then rejoiced O'Malley's heart by going out to lie in the hammock. Difficult as it was to stand with his head on her knees while she slowly swung, O'Malley was ready to count the bumps he received as joy, for the sake of ending the unusual delay of Sylvia's morning appearance.

Sylvia opened her eyes with a start; she had half fallen asleep, lazily swinging.

She saw her father coming up the walk; it was the closing of the gate that had aroused her. She leaped out of the hammock, suddenly aware that she had been unconsciously dreading this first meeting with her father since the great events of the preceding days.

Mr. Bell did not give her time to be embarrassed. He came up the walk fast, bounded up the steps and caught Sylvia in his arms in an embrace so impetuous, so loving that Sylvia's heart leaped and stood still at the wonder of it.

"My little girl, little brave, loyal, true little girl!" cried Sylvia's father. "Child, child, what a girl you are!"

"Father! Me! Father — what, what is it?" stammered Sylvia.

"Gabriel Gaby has been telling me all about it; I shall want to hear every detail, all you thought, all you did, above all everything you suffered, my splendid girl! And you thought your father was a criminal, poor little thing! And you hid your shame and your pain and tried to save him! And you stood right by him, though he deserved only to be an outcast! Sylvia, I thank you, daughter! I don't deserve such devotion, but, if it in any way repays you, I do appreciate it!"

Sylvia clung to him unsteadily, tears of unbearable joy streaming down her cheeks.

"It would—it would repay me for dying!" she sobbed.

"Let us sit down, dear; you are actually shaking," said Mr. Bell, putting his arm around Sylvia and drawing her into his lap in a deep willow chair. "Put your head on my shoulder, dear. Let me rock you as if you really were the little girl I've been considering you.

Dearie, this has shown me how wrong I am not to let you into all the deep places of my life. You should know just what my work is. Perhaps you can help me in it. I always have wished that I had a son who would be my assistant. It is more than likely that my clever daughter can do all and more than a son could have done—"

He stopped, checked by Sylvia's hand over his lips.

"Don't, don't say any more now, father; don't! I'll die of joy! I can't bear it!" Sylvia cried. "Oh, what has it all been, the worst of it, compared to this? Father, I'd have gone to state prison myself to hear you say that! I want, want, want so to be a real daughter to you!"

"It was my fault alone that you have not been my intimate comrade all this time, sweetheart," said her father, kissing the lovely, illuminated face, raised to his.

"And it wasn't a fault, precisely. It was not that I didn't want you, dear, but that I was too preoccupied to realize that you were growing up, almost to a woman's stature, in mind and heart, as well as body. Sylvia, I never told you of your mother. You are like her, though she was a tiny creature, and you are tall, like the Bells. But you look very like her. I met her, Sylvia, and she awoke in an abstracted, preoccupied youth, a love that was —, Sylvia she was perfect, and I did adore her! I have learned to be thankful that, though it cost me agony, I did love her with all my being. We were married a little less than two blissful years. They were blissful to her, also, dear, for our marriage was a real union, based on mutual respect. And then your mother, a week after she was your mother, died. It had to be borne; that is why it was borne. The loss of her was the loss of sunshine, strength, hope, joy, everything. I have lived in my work ever since. Will her little girl, the little girl whom I thankfully find inheriting her greatness of soul, her truth, her courage, wonderful power to love, will she forgive me that I mourned her mother too much to realize the needs of the great gift she had left me? For henceforth, Sylvia, my dear daughter and your mother's daughter, you and I are going to be one. Shall we be, my dear?"

"Father, oh, father," was all that Sylvia could manage to say, but she

(Continued on page 28.)



American Dressmaking Step by Step

BY MME. LYDIA TRATTLES COATES
Published by The Pictorial Review Company, New York City.

This book is a splendid one to help Girl Scouts win their badges for Dressmaking and Needlewoman, for it not only teaches you stitches of all sorts but how to use patterns and successfully make articles of clothing. Girl Scout troops will find it most valuable.

A Loose Leaf Field and Camp Notebook

Published by The Comstock Publishing Company, Ithaca, N. Y.

A Nature Study note book for camp is certainly very handy especially when you have one that has facilities for containing additional sheets. The charming green cloth cover is made so that extra sheets may be added from time to time—and the Comstock Publishing Company can supply you with any amount of splendid illustrations of birds, flowers, trees, etc., accurately described, on loose leaf forms which fit into this book.

Every Girl Scout will find this book with its instructive material most valuable. An advertisement found in this issue will give you additional information with regard to it.

Candy as I Make It

BY MARGERY A. RICKER.

Many girls know receipts for making fudge and caramels—but who, once in a while doesn't like something new. Undoubtedly you would like to make some of the delicious bonbons which you buy at the shops—or many of the unusual delicacies—and if you do, you simply must have this book—or excerpts from it which are advertised in our magazine this month. Miss Ricker certainly knows just what you need to make the most scrumptious candy—and you will learn such a lot from her book that your next candy sale will be a marvel in the community.



Medford, Mass.

The Girl Scouts of the four troops of Medford raised the required amount necessary in the present campaign by holding four food sales in different sections of the City. The members of the Council took entire charge, and there were five or more on each Committee. This solved the Captains' problem in a very simple manner. As the Medford quota was \$200. Each sale was expected to raise \$50.

Three weeks previous to the sales each patrol had made one or more posters which had been posted in each section, and all the Scouts were urged to advertise them widely and get just as many donations as possible. It may be added that one ten-year old Scout dressed up in her uniform and secured twenty-three different articles of food besides gifts of money from those who were unable to cook. A few of the ladies and older Scouts obtained orders for food from their friends. It may also be of interest to other prospective "food salers" how very willing and glad everyone was to help the Scouts and their splendid organization. This was displayed especially in the large orders and donations received. The managers of the stores where they were to be held were also very kind about letting them have the stores, and helped in every possible manner in the way of heating, lighting etc. The Scouts were very fortunate in securing three stores which were right in the center of each district, and one church vestry.

The sales began at eleven o'clock sharp and from that time until one o'clock they were all literally swamped with eager customers. It was all for a worthy cause and many times the cashiers were saved the trouble of returning change. The Scouts themselves were one and all alive and alert with enthusiasm to "go over the top". By five o'clock the two largest had sold

out and the others had practically followed suit.

All the hard workers and tired Scouts with a mingled feeling of rejoicing and encouragement in their hearts as they found that two had gone way "over the top", one getting \$70, and one \$65. The other two together who had the worst locations and less Scouts, workers, donations and money made \$50 together. It was in reality the easiest and quickest way to earn our quota that we have ever attempted and we are sure that other Councils who have tried the same plan will fully agree with us.

F. K., Scribe.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 27.)

clung to her father with all her might and kissed him, as she had often dreamed of kissing him, but had never dared to do before.

They sat for a while in silence. Mr. Bell stroking Sylvia's hair, Sylvia twisting a button on his coat, wondering if it could be she thus encircled by his arms, loved and caressed as girls less self-reliant and competent, but more happy than she had thought herself heretofore, were loved and petted.

"Father, were you going to tell me about your work?" asked Sylvia after a long, restful silence.

"I am not going to the laboratory till after dinner, dear. This is to be your morning. I would rather study you, and be studied by you, than go on with my usual studies," said Mr. Bell, seconding Sylvia's attempt to sit erect.

"That's dear!" she cried. "But I meant—Did you want to tell me about that work?"

"Oh, surely! But I can't tell you much at once. You must learn it, that is, if it interests you" Mr. Bell said. "I am working on regeneration."

"Father!" Sylvia's tone was distinctly shocked. "How can you? What do you mean? Isn't that—? Why, father, that is—is—in church, you know!" Sylvia found difficulty in expressing with sufficient delicacy her understanding of this term.

Mr. Bell tipped back his head and laughed, laughed heartily, as Sylvia had never heard him laugh.

"Dear child, I am using the word in a scientific sense," he explained. "Regeneration in this case means the power possessed by some organisms to renew a part of their

bodies which has been lost. For instance, if an angletail is cut into halves, the section that lost the head grows a new head; the section that kept a head and lost the tail, grows a new tail. I work with certain sea forms, not with angle worms; I used that as an illustration, because it came within your experience. The morning you found me marooned, and gallantly rescued me, I was out after specimens."

"Of course I don't understand, not yet," said Sylvia, with widening eyes. "It is strange. What do you do with them, with it all, father?"

"Experiment with chemicals, to learn which promote, which retard this regeneration, dear; patiently work, and watch, and hope, to increase the sum of human knowledge, to build up, just as sea forms, with which I cannot work, build up the tropic islands, so that, little by little, man comes better to understand the marvellous processes of life. Science means knowledge, Sylvia; if we love it we labor for it, sometimes with the vain reward of a little renown, sometimes with the supreme reward of attaining our end, increasing the inheritance of mankind, ourselves unknown. This is best, I fancy, dear, more truly the aim of the scientist who is sincere. A great love, or a worthy aim, neither of these seeks its own glory, Sylvia. Do you think you will care to help me?"

"If I am fit to, father," said Sylvia humbly. Then she threw back her head, and a blush of pride in him spread over her face and throat, as she looked at her father with glowing eyes.

"Think what I have!" she said breathlessly. "Think what I have! You are greater even than I imagined, and I have always been so proud, proud of you! And now I have you, all my very own!"

She sprang from his knee and stood before him, sweeping a deep courtesy.

"Who am I, your majesty! I am glad to be presented at court, but I am far more nobled than Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales. I am Clement Bell's daughter, and he is greater than a king!"

(To be continued.)

Our Advertisers have loads of good things for you.

HOME TO MOTHER

(Continued from page 14.)

"No, I didn't. I remember pushing that little lever."

"Then you turned it off in your sleep."

Flo shook her head decidedly. Then she suddenly stopped and a puzzled expression came into her eyes. "Maybe you're right," she confessed. "I have a hazy recollection of hearing a bell this morning. I must have turned it off while I dozed, and then forgot about it."

"Well, hurry and dress," they commanded. Each one attempted to assist her and got everything so mixed up that she drove them away.

"I can make lots better speed if you'll just let me alone," she told them frantically.

"Well, hurry after us. We're going to serenade Prexy first."

It was about six o'clock when the girls, a dozen strong, left the house. It was still dark, with that curious half light that precedes the dawn. The carpet of snow everywhere, however, made it possible for them to see, and so they plowed along through paths that had not yet been shoveled, kicking whirling snow eddies in every direction.

Their first stop was at the President's house. Around on the side they grouped and got their pitch. Then the girlish voices rang out clearly and beautifully with "In a Manger Far Away". And as the last notes of that century old carol died away, sounds of applause came from the second floor. "Excellent, girls!" came the commendation in Dr. Ferris' voice.

Of course it would have been impossible to serenade all the teachers, but they stopped for a couple of songs under the windows where their favorite teachers lived. Then about seven when the east was crimsoning after the sunrise, they returned toward Stone House, stopping at Pomeroy for their freshman serenade.

The freshman dormitory had many lights in the rooms, but none of the girls were in sight as the singers grouped to begin. "Some of the children are getting ready to go home to mother," laughed Lovey, "and we'll waken the others." Then the opening words of their carol floated up. "God rest you merry gentlefolk," they sang, "Let nothing you dismay."

One by one the windows opened and clusters of freshmen heads appeared to clap and cheer when the song was ended. When the sopho-

mores had sung their second carol and were turning away, Gladys stopped them. "This is the end of our party," she reminded them. "And we always end things with our Alma Mater. It will be our last chance till after vacation."

The others nodded agreement and one of them hummed the first note. There followed an instant of silence before "Dear is each glade and valley," came the first line of the Natick song, immediately to be caught up by the freshmen at the windows. The rich old hymn tune which Natick had adapted for its college song is always beautiful, but never was it more beautiful than then as the girls sang it with everything pure and white about them, the trees outlined in ermine, and the campus, as far as one could see, a woolly silence. Its beauty made them realize the truth of the refrain, "Our Natick, ever fair."

It did some-
to be at
It meant
urably
than
them had
ized befo
were freshmen and sophomores, rival classes that often worked for the other's discomfiture, united in their love for their Alma Mater, friendly rivalry forgotten for the with all the feeling of even their time.

Gladys, walking beside her sister as they returned to Stone House, was still humming the song. Suddenly she looked up at Margaret. "Well, Midge, I'm glad I'm going home tonight, of course, and I've said all kinds of mean things about this college and some of the things they do here, but if I thought I wasn't coming back, I believe it would almost kill me."

READ THIS FIRST.

Just before Christmas the freshmen at Natick College steal suitcases belonging to the sophomores, and so the "Bunch" including the Hammon Twins start out to get even. They have just been into one of the dormitories taking the bags, and find the freshmen have discovered them. Start the story from here.

Everybody was anxious to get to the chapel before the first-year girls should arrive, hence breakfast was for most of them a sketchy meal. As soon as it was over, they hurried into their coats and made for chapel to line up in front of the steps.

The freshmen were not long in

arriving. The first girl to come up found her lost property quite near the top of the mountain. It was a black handbag and she caught it up. Only then did she see that it was not quite as she had brought it to college. There on each side were white papers five inches square. And on each one in huge green letters had been printed:

HOME TO MOTHER

NATICK COLLEGE

1 9 2 5

The poor girl did not know what to do with it. She tried to peel off the labels, but the sophomores had not been sparing with the glue and the paper would not come off. She started to carry the bag into chapel and then hesitated, either because she realized that there was not much room in the pews or because she did not like the idea of parading up the aisle with the flaring labels. But after one more look at the pile and another at the laughing second year girls, she took it with her into chapel, the shrug of her shoulders as she went through the door saying as plain as words, "I'd rather take it than risk leaving it where you wild sophomores can get at it again."

One by one the other suitcases were claimed and taken into chapel amid sophomore applause for each freshman that recovered her lost property.

Fortunately chapel exercises were not long. President Ferris realized the tension and after a couple of stanzas of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing!" he spoke for a very few moments on the Christmas spirit, alluding kindly to the unknown Christmas Wakes that had been sung under his window a few hours previous; then, wishing them all the joys of Christmastide, he dismissed them.

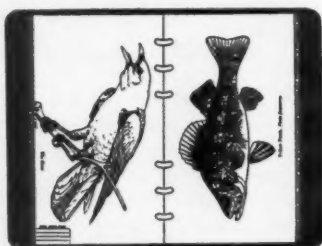
Priority of classes rules in leaving chapel. By the time the freshmen came out, they found the Sophomores lined on either side of the path and most of the upperclassmen bunched near the entrance watching. As the first year girls came out, one of the sophomores, posted at the door, caught sight of the suitcases. In apparent surprise she shouted, "Look at them!" They have bags in their hands. Where are the little freshmen going with those bags?"

And with a roar came back her answer from all the sophomores. "Home to Mother! The little freshmen are going home to mother! Merry Christmas, little freshmen."

THE END.

A LOOSE LEAF NATURE STUDY NOTE BOOK

BY COMSTOCK AND VINAL



SELECT just the material you want to use for Bird, Animal, Fish, Plant, Flower, Tree or Insect study.

Sheets for use in this Note Book include Observation or Lesson Sheets and Outline Drawings of Birds, Animals (by Fuertes), Flowers, Fishes, and

Insects for coloring, Star Maps, blank and ruled note paper, yellow scratch paper, drawing paper, etc. All sheets punched to fit our covers (6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "), or Le Fax covers.

Covers can be supplied in Leather, Imitation Leather, Olive Gray or Khaki Canvas, and Velument (strong paper cover).

This Note Book used by Campers, Boards of Education and Normal Schools, First Officer's Girl Scout Training School, Cincinnati-Hamilton Council and Camp Low, and many others.

Send for complete catalogue and special quantity prices.

A canvas cover, $\frac{1}{4}$ " rings, and set of forms (200).....\$1.75

A leather cover, $\frac{1}{4}$ " rings, and set of forms (200)..... 3.00

A generous supply of sample sheets for 25c.

Recommended by Boy Scout, Girl Scout, Camp Fire Girl Leaders. What one Scout Commissioner says:

"These (Nature Study Sheets) are the very things that Scouts are interested in, and should be a part of their field note books. I would recommend this outfit of the Comstock people very highly to your organization. They have established a standard that you could well adopt to the advantages of Scouts."

Official forms from these organizations fit our CAMP and FIELD NOTE BOOK COVERS

THE COMSTOCK PUBLISHING CO.

ITHACA

Dept. G. S.

NEW YORK

Winter Sports!

Skating — Coasting —
Snow-shoeing—Hik—
ing—and reading
your scout magazine.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

189 Lexington Avenue
New York City

\$1.50 a year

15c a copy



EGYPTIAN CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 9)

she made tiny garlands of flowers. They were beautiful beyond compare.

Gaily she slipped them on. They fitted perfectly. Up and down she walked, bowing low to imaginary people, as she had seen her sisters practice before their polished steel mirrors. She must take good care of her sandals, for they were her most precious possession. Carefully she took them off.

At that moment she heard a rushing sound over her head and, glancing up, she saw a great eagle sweeping downward. She dropped the sandals and ran along the bank some distance. Down came the eagle, surely, swiftly, alighting at the very spot where she had been sitting. With a cry of alarm Isis hurried back. The eagle rose in the air, and in his beak he carried one of her lovely sandals.

In great disappointment, the tears coursing down her cheeks, Isis stood and watched him. Up, up he went, soaring in great circles, higher and higher, until he was just a speck in the sky. Then he was gone entirely.

Gentle Isis picked up the one little sandal and pressed it close against her fast beating heart. She would have to love it now more tenderly than ever, for it had lost its mate. Slowly she went back to the kitchen. She hid the sandal in the folds of the only other dress she owned, and went about her work.

But the next day a strange thing happened. A crier went galloping through the village, announcing that the prince of that land was coming.

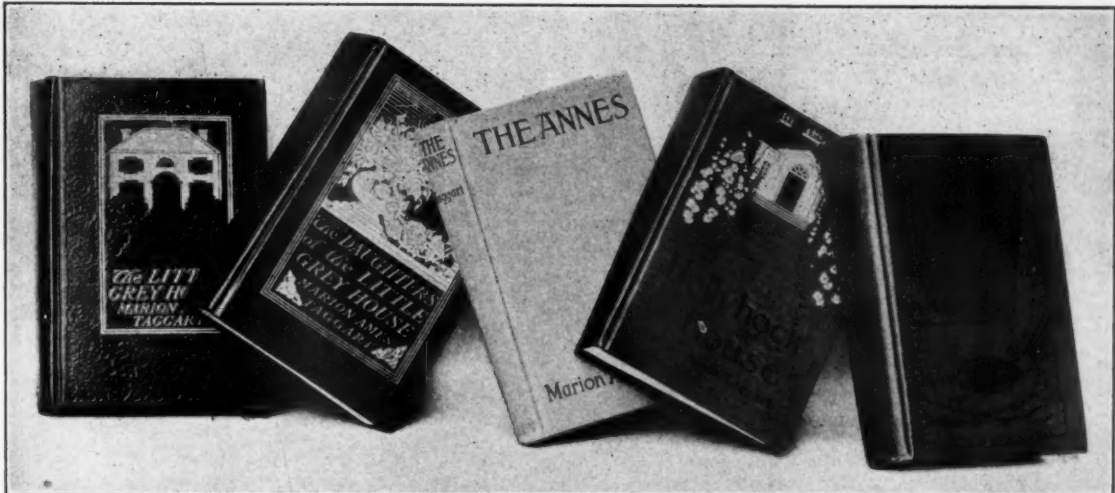
The stepsisters were in a panic, for such strange tales were told of the royal visit! It seemed that an eagle had dropped a most beautiful sandal in the prince's own garden, and the prince had fallen in love with it. He had decreed that he would marry the lady whose foot fitted it, and who had the mate.

Great was the preparation the sisters made for the visit. They kept Isis breathless running errands, and doing all the hard work. Three days passed and the crier announced that the prince was in a nearby town. He was getting nearer and nearer, and he had not found a foot in all Egypt that fitted the lovely little sandal exactly.

(Continued on page 32.)

LET US GIVE YOU THESE BOOKS FREE!

Marion Ames Taggart is the lovable author of some of the most delightful and fascinating stories ever written. She is known the world over for her charming novels of romance and adventure. She captures your heart and your imagination with her characters. They live and love and play for you and with you and you will make them your personal friends.



What Happened to Mary Garden?

They raised Mary and brought her back to consciousness. No one could stop her suffering. Could they save her life? What caused the beautiful evening in the Garden of Dreams to end in a tragedy? This is only one of the many thrilling moments in "HOLLYHOCK HOUSE."

What Vision Came to Rob?

How did Rob save the family fortune? And did Aunt Azraella come to love her? You must read "THE LITTLE GREY HOUSE" and "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LITTLE GREY HOUSE" to find the answer!

You have been reading "Captain Sylvia" in The American Girl. We know you have enjoyed it. Everyone of the books listed here is just as exciting — even though we have not room to tell about them.

By special arrangement with the publishers we have been very lucky to get some copies of these fascinating books to give to you. There aren't very many so don't lose any time — Write us today!

For every three new subscriptions to The American Girl (your renewal can count as one), we will send you free of charge anyone of the following books—"The Little Grey House", "The Daughters of the Little Grey House", "Hollyhock House", "The Annes" and "Captain Sylvia." Don't forget to mention which book you wish and we will send it to you by return mail.

----- USE THIS COUPON, OR WRITE US TODAY! -----

THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City, New York.

Please send me Free of Charge _____

(NAME OF BOOK)

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL to the following:

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

I am enclosing \$1.50 collected from each of them — (total \$4.50).

THE AMERICAN GIRL

EGYPTIAN CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 30.)

The sisters threw up their hands in glee. It had been noised abroad that the sandal was made of flowers, and they ordered Isis to make sandals of flowers for them. And she did. But she always measured their feet first. Never a moment did she have for herself. She washed and scrubbed and cleaned for the sisters. Once when she was combing out the snarls of the hair of one of them she pulled too hard. And she threw a pitcher of water over Isis' yellow curls.

"There, that will make your hair as straight as mine!" exclaimed the angry sister.

But Isis went out in the sun to dry her hair, and every minute it grew glossier and more beautiful than ever. In fact it was like a glorious halo about her head.

"The prince is coming! Make way!" It was the crier and fore-runner of the royal party.

Isis fled into the house. The sisters were practising their bows before their polished steel mirrors. At sight of the lovely Isis they turned on her in a fury.

"Get back to your kitchen," they screamed. "And don't you dare show yourself!" Away hurried the poor girl.

The prince was announced. He entered the long room with his guard who bore the tiny sandal, which the eagle had dropped in the garden, on a golden platter.

The sisters bowed so low that one of them nearly fell over. That made the prince smile. He looked at their feet, and shook his head.

"There is no use trying here," he said to the guard.

"Oh, but please, please, good

(Continued on page 34.)

EARN 100% PROFIT

SHURDONE

CAKE and MUFFIN TESTERS

SHURDONE TESTERS are packed in attractive sanitary packages, retail for 10 cents per package.

Thousands of these packages have already been sold by Girl Scouts.

Write for sample and 100% profit offer.

Do it today! Tomorrow never comes.

Address

PERCY H. HOWARD

2 Central Sq.

Cambridge, Mass.

CLASS PINS
FREE CATALOG GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL OR CLUB AND SURVEILOR IN CLASS

Either pin illustrated made with any 3 letters and 2 figures, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate, 50¢ ea., \$2.00 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write for catalog of sterling and solid gold pins and rings.

ROSEN
Kearl Bros. Co. 458 Bastion Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

PINS AND RINGS

FOR GIRL SCOUT CLUBS

Made to order from special designs in gold, sterling and plate.

Send for catalog.

C. K. GROUSE CO.

1 Bruce Street, NORTH ATTLEBORO, Mass.

SPECIAL VALUES

AG 10 Gold Plated Pin 40c each. \$4.00 doz.

AG 12 Silver Ring \$1.25 each. \$12.00 doz.

CATALOG FREE

M. P. JENKINS, 341 Washington St., Quincy, Mass.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR

STOVINK

THE RED STOVE REMEDY

Manufacturers
JOHNSON'S LABORATORY, INC.
Worcester, Mass.



After Skating Always Do This

Rub your skates dry. Then go over all of the metal surface with a soft cloth moistened with a little 3-in-One.

Steel is porous. 3-in-One penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a protective coating that successfully resists the action of moisture. Rust cannot form if you use

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

Keeps the metal parts of ice skates bright--new-looking. Preserves the sharpness of the runners. Try it.

Also oil the clamps and screws with 3-in-One. Then they'll work just right.

Roller skating, too, is better fun if you oil the rollers with this good oil. It cuts out all dirt--makes them run marvelously light and easy. Never collects dust from floor or walk, as heavy, greasy oils do.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 50c, 25c, 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans. Read the 3-in-One Dictionary (wrapped around each bottle) for many other valuable uses.

FREE You can have a generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses--both FREE--for the asking

Three-in-One Oil Co., Bldway, N. Y.

CANDY--ALL KINDS

My book "Candy As I Make It" will teach anyone how to make all kinds of delicious candies. Failure impossible. Write MARGERY A. RICKER, Dept. 10, Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.



"BRIAR ROSE"

CROCHET LACE. Something new. Easily learned, speedy and very fascinating. Illustrated 16 page book, 6 x 9 inches, with complete instructions by designer. Send 25 cents to ANNA KNOP SLATER

4305 S. 22nd Street
Omaha Nebraska

OFFICIAL

Girl Scout Knives

"Fully Warranted"

On Sale at

GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL SUPPLY DEP'T.

189 Lexington Avenue

New York City

Manufactured by

DWIGHT DIVINE & SONS, Ellenville, N. Y.

AMERICAN MADE



Makers of the Famous "Ulster Brand"

RED HEAD

(Continued from page 12.)

piano and playing a few preliminary chords and runs, she turned a roguishly whimsical face toward her audience, and half speaking, half singing, she burst forth into—

"I have a cousin—Clarence James Van Austin,
His eyes wear windows and he comes from Boston,
Came for a week, but only staid two days,
'Cause he said I had "dis-cultured" ways;
He said, "Toodles dear, you have a disposition
That never goes with hair so purely Titian",
That's calling names, so I just turned right in
And I knocked the stuffins out of him."

CHORUS

"He called me Red Head, Red Head, Ginger-bread Head,
Carrots, Bricktop, Golden-rust Head,
Rote-koph and Sorrel-top!
Gee, I'd like to throw him in the pond!
Red Head, Red Head, Ginger-bread Head,
Freckled-fa c e d, Strawberry-blond Head,
Here's a white horse, go hide your head!
Why wasn't I born a blond!"

YOU remember my telling you that Rosemary went away for a visit one summer, and came home full of enthusiasm over an entertainment she had gone to, and a famous actress who had captivated her. You remember, too, that upon the occasion of that entertainment this actress had given an encore—a little sketch to music—that had so taken possession of Rosemary's thoughts and feelings that, all unbeknown to anyone, she had obtained the sketch and practiced it until she had, letter perfect, every tiny shading of the original rendition. Well, that sketch was Red Head. And that is how Red Head comes in, for to this day, the village of—thinks always of Rosemary in connection with that little bit of nonsense. And well they may, for it was that that brought her her big opportunity.

"There were three stanzas to Red Head, but before Rosemary could even begin on the second one, the actress, convulsed with laughter over perfect representation of herself, rushed out from her hiding

place and took her in her arms.

"Child, child!" she cried, "who in the world are you? Ma foi! but you have talent. Come here and sit down and we will talk together."

"Needless to say that Rosemary, always silent as the sphinx, said nothing in this momentous moment in her life. Can't you see them sitting here,—the brilliant, fascinating woman of fame, so lovable in her sympathy, and the shy, young girl with wistful eyes devouring her every word?

"I think Rosemary must always have remembered that afternoon, even though her life since has been so full of memorable days, for what happened seemed—too good to be true, (although too good-to-be-true things really do happen lots of times.)

"It appeared that the young girl playing the part of Jessica (Shylock's daughter in the Merchant of Venice) had wanted not to go on with the part because of illness in her home; but was doing her best with it, as apparently, there was nothing else to do. But now, the actress had an inspiration. Turning suddenly to Rosemary, she said:

"How quickly can you commit, child? Does it take you long to memorize?"

"Not v-e-r-y," said Rosemary.

"I think—I'm—going—to; yes; I am going to try you in the part of "Jessica," said the actress. "If only you knew the lines!"

"I—I do," said Rosemary.

"You do! Did you say you do know them?"

"Rosemary nodded.

"Excellent!" cried the actress, "you shall do it, you wonderful gift of the gods! Quick then stand over there. I enter here as Lorenzo, your lover; your lines beginning"...

Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains..." Say them!"

"Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains,

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me.

For I am much ashamed of my exchange.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;..."

began Rosemary, carried completely out of herself by the power of her listener's personality. Before her second speech was ended, she fell into the spirit of the beautiful lines with such remarkable ease that the

actress couldn't refrain from calling 'bravo!'

"Thus it was that Rosemary's career began, although to her, it was not until the night of the play.

"You can imagine how overwhelming it all was. Rosemary became a new personality and the entire household was roused to action. We emptied the attic of its every treasure, as well as our own trunks; at the same time, organizing an impromptu and hasty costume committee. We worked for days, but it was a frolic to us, and Rosemary's shining eyes were a recompense for every stitch. How lovely she was! Especially in boy's attire and her ball-dress for the last act. This actress was one of the first, I believe, to add the dance at the end.

"Oh, please, Grand Polly, tell us about the ball-dress," one eager listener interrupted.

"Of course you shall hear about the ball-dress," agreed this most amiable raconteur, smiling. "Let me see, the under-slip was pale nymph-green; I know, because I made it myself out of an old silk scarf. This was covered with silver tulle, scant and shining like water, and was girdled at the high waist with imitation water lilies. A band of silver went around her head and was fastened above her brow with three of the water lilies that had been left over after completing the girdle. It was the actress who gave her the pair of high-heeled silver slippers that showed to such advantage from beneath the hem of her skirt; and I myself had the pleasure of providing her with the first pair of silk stockings she ever owned."

"What was the color of the stocking?" questioned a voice.

Grand Polly laughed. "Silver, with open-work embroidery. Rosemary kept them wrapped in blue tissue paper when she was not wearing them. She really was the most appreciative child in the world, though she never said anything to indicate when she was particularly pleased."

"Did she wear a necklace?" questioned another voice.

Grand Polly shook her head. "Rosemary needed no adornment to make her 'witching,' she declared.

"Oh, do please hurry and get to the play. I just can't wait for the girls to hear that part, it's so thrilling," begged Polly.

"You are right, dear," agreed Grand Polly. "that is the best part,

(Continued on page 35.)

Plays! Plays!

We have the newest and most attractive as well as the largest assortment of plays in the world, as well as the most popular plays for girls only.

Send a two-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

We have just published the Girl Scout play.

"The Taming of Horrors" which originally appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The price is 30c. per copy.

"Converting of Mrs. Noshum" was first published in THE AMERICAN GIRL. 30c. per copy.

SAMUEL FRENCH

28-30 W. 38th St. New York City

PLAYS For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills.
How to Stage a Play. Make-up. Catalogue FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 87 CHICAGO

BEST

PLAYS
DRILLS
PANTOMIMES
PHYSICAL CULTURE
RECITATIONS, Etc.

Edgar S. Werner & Co., 11 East 14th St., N.Y.

BOYS! GIRLS

Big Package
20 New Games for 15c

Enjoy Long Winter Evenings

JAX COMPANY, Steger, Illinois



DRESS YOUR DOLLY
with a pair of Society Doll Specs, gold-filled bows, horn rims, just like grown-ups. Price postpaid75c
The Atwood Co., Prov. R. I.

BEADWORK

Girls, if you want finely woven, pretty color designs, flat Bead neckchains 9 beads wide, 30 to 36 inches long, for \$2.00 postpaid. All colors from 3/0 seedbeads, write me. Mesh Style beaded Handbags, also, silk lined, beaded over velvet, silk draw cord, all colors and designs, at the give away prices of \$3.00 to \$3.50 and \$4.00 each, postpaid. All kinds of Ladies' and Misses'occasins beaded. Write for description and prices.

You will be pleased with my goods. I sell also many beaded pieces made by the Sioux Indians. 38th year in the business.

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, S. Dak.

ALASKA ESKIMO and INDIAN CURIOS

Sea shells and free catalog of 1001 CURIOUS THINGS. Address

YE OLDE CURIOSITY SHOP
Dept. 3, Colman Dock Seattle, Wash.



LARGE CAMERA FREE

Takes Picture 2 1/4 x 3 3/4
Genuine Kodak Film Pack, Eastman Camera. Hawk-eye lens. Makes large, clear pictures. Snap shots or time. Easy to operate. Free for sending 25 plans. Snap Performed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Selling eight. Send no money. Extra present if you order now. Big Premium Book Free. Bings Co. Dept. 633, Binghamton, N.Y.

EVERY GIRL SCOUT should have one of our Ottawa Indian made sewing sets. 3 pieces: Pin Cushion, Scissors Case and Thimble Basket. Price \$1.00 Prepaid.

Genuine Indian Made Baskets and Beadwork of every description.

NORTHERN NOVELTY CO.
Harbor Springs, Michigan

A GIRL SCOUT SEES AND HEARS

Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears
and We Will Improve Them

THE GUIDE TO NATURE

Subscription \$1.50 per year
Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
Arcadia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

ALTEMUS BOOKS FOR GIRLS

Best adventure stories published. Send fifteen cents in stamps for "Grace Harlowe's Plebe Year at High School; or, The Merry Doings of the Oakdale Freshmen Girls," and free catalogue.

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY
1336 Vine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

EGYPTIAN CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 32.)

prince. I am sure that I have the mate." And one of the sisters thrust forward her unshapely foot.

The guard knelt and measured it beside the precious little sandal.

"The flowers are too fresh and new," said the prince. "It is several days now since the eagle brought me this lovely thing, and the flowers are fading. The mate must match it with drooping petals. Are there no more women in your household?"

"Not any, your honor," said the sisters together.

"Strange," murmured the prince. "As I rode up, I thought I saw a golden-haired angel in the courtyard. I must have been dreaming of my future princess." He turned to the guard. "Did you not see a woman in the courtyard?"

"Yes, your honor."

The sisters were growing excited, and fidgeted nervously.

"It must have been the scullery maid," said one of them.

"I'm sure it was," said the other.

The prince looked searchingly at the wicked sisters. At last he said with a sigh: "Bid her come. I have decreed that this sandal shall be tried by every woman."

The sisters tittered at each other. "Imagine Isis! Isn't it too funny for words!" said one.

But they did as the prince commanded.

The hangings were parted, and Isis timidly came forward. Her hair shone like spun gold and her eyes were like stars. The prince dropped on one knee before her.

"My princess!" he cried in rapture. Hastily he bade Isis be seated. The guard slipped the little sandal on her slender foot. It fitted perfectly. Isis looked up at the prince, her eyes filled with happy tears. She drew the mate from the folds of her gown.

The prince started back. "A perfect match!" he exclaimed. "They have withered alike. But my love for you shall never fade. My adored princess, prepare to return with me to the royal castle."

Now the wicked sisters had been acting very funny. At first they were horrified that the sandal fitted perfectly. Then, when they realized that Isis was to be the prince's wife, they changed completely. They smiled and nodded, and called Isis their beloved sister.

(Continued on page 38.)



A Stove for a Dime

GIRLS! Use this stove in hundreds of ways. Cook with it, iron, make tea or coffee. Ready in a moment any time and any place. Don't be without this

STERNO
Canned Heat Folding Stove

Send 10 cents and this ad to Sterno Corp., 9 East 37th Street, New York City, Dept. G., and we will send the stove prepaid.

Attention!

SOMETHING NEW

In order to introduce my hand painted in Oil, Kodak enlargements, I will make any Girl Scout the first Oil painted enlargement, size 10"x12", for \$1.50. Send me your favorite Film, and be sure to state colors wanted. This is something entirely different from the ordinary water colors, and must be seen to be fully appreciated.

CASSENS ART STUDIO
BOX 183 LITCHFIELD, ILLINOIS

5x7 Kodak Enlargement

from your favorite negative hand colored 50c. Photos on Pillow Tops, and Book Marks, make beautiful gifts. Photo and prices on request.

HOLT STUDIOS, QUINCY, FLA.

Kodak Finishing — The Better Kind

Films developed in Pyro; over twenty years' experience. "Knows how". Charges very moderate. If a Girl Scout, send only 25c. with your first film. Address

Photographer, Ericson, Nebr.

ENLARGEMENTS

from any size Kodak negative make delightful Xmas gifts.

3 1/2 x 5 1/4 25c. each
5 x 7 35c. each
7 x 11 50c. each

Free booklet of MIRRO PRINTS on request.
SCHULMAN - 328 Taylor St., Washington, D. C.

DOES NOT GUM UP PEN



40 cents' worth makes a quart of the best ink you ever used

The "Money Earning Plan"

for

Churches, Societies, Schools, will put money in the treasury of any Girl Scout Troop east of the Mississippi River.

For information write

Charles R. Davis

184 Ward Street Newton Center, 59, Mass.

FREE REAL PREMIUMS you will be proud to have. Sell 24 cards of our Self-Threading Needles, 10 cents. Send today.
HELMERS COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

RED HEAD

(Continued from page 33.)

and I won't take any more time telling about things that happened in between."

"We all went together, that is, the household; and though we entered and took our seats with proper dignity and decorum, there was much fluttering of hearts. Of us all, Rosemary's mother appeared the most quiet, in spite of the fact of what it meant to her.

"It was a brilliant performance from beginning to end, both on the first night and the nights following. The great actress, who, of course, was the sensation of the hour, quite surpassed herself in her delightful and powerful impersonation of Portia. In her scene with Shylock—the famous court-room scene—she was magnificent. I have never before or since seen a Portia like her. Shylock, too, distinguished himself. He couldn't have helped it in the glamour of such inspired acting.

"When Rosemary appeared, not only our little party, but the whole audience, seemed to hold its breath. You see, having thought of her always as so shrinking and timid, it was hard to believe this radiant little creature was the same girl. We couldn't decide what we loved most in her, the adorable sweetness of her girlish presence, or the lovely melody of her voice. She was so little and dear, so perfectly Jessica, from the moment of her entrance to the dropping of the curtain.

"The scene with Launcelot and the one with Shylock, following, gave her little opportunity; but when she entered in boy's attire, in the one with her lover, Lorenzo, we began to feel an indefinable something in her that was more than just sweetness of presence, of beauty of articulation, and which now, we know to have been the first up-trembling spark of her great genius. From that moment to the last act, little Jessica was second only to the great Portia herself.

"In the lovely moonlight scene with her lover, Lorenzo, she was perfect. Entering into the spirit and beauty of it, she rose to such a height of irresistible charm that Lorenzo was actually ignorant of the fact that he had been given his cue. His momentary hesitation was

(Continued on page 37.)

SELL CANDY FOR US

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y. and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments same day order is received.

\$24.00 Easily Earned

Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 5c bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, HERSHEY, WANETA, etc. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$48. Keep \$24 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 30, 40 or 50 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular.

FRED D. LESURE COMPANY

Wholesale Confectioner

FITCHBURG, 16 BROAD ST., MASS.

BASKETRY MATERIALS. Reeds, raffa, wooden bases, chair cane, Indian ash, splints, cane, webbing, wooden beads, braided straw, rush, willow, pine needles, books, tools, dyes. Catalogue and Directions, 15 cents. LOUIS STOUGHTON DRAKE, Inc., 26 Everett St., Allston, Station 34, Boston, Mass.

GENUINE INDIAN MADE BASKETS AND WAMPUM

95 Styles

Priced wholesale. Catalogue free.

FRANK MARION GILHAM
Kelseyville, California

SONGS Clean, catchy, popular songs for the home. Big variety of ballads, comics, novelties, con songs. Beautiful lithographed full sheet music. Latest Hits: "Mummy's Twilight Lullaby," "Old Fashioned Rose," "Swanee River Blues," "St. Valentine of Sweethearts," 50c each; many others. Also complete line of plays, recitations, drills, etc. Big entertainment catalogue free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 216 Chicago

GENUINE DIAMOND 4 RINGS YOUR BIRTHSTONE FREE
Get your Diamond Signet with your 4 Birthstones and Wedding Ring. Solid Gold Shell. Guaranteed 5 years. Order 15 packages Ringo Perfumed Ironing Wax. Sell at 10c each Easy to sell. Big demand. Order today. Send no money. Get 4 beautiful Rings Free. Boys, Girls and Young-uns.
BINGO COMPANY DEPT. 634 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Personal Stationery
200 SHEETS
100 ENVELOPES
Printed with Your Name and Address
Fine Bond Paper: Size of sheets 6x7; envelopes 6 1/2 x 3 3/4; printing in latest style in blue ink only. Send us \$1.00 and write plainly your name and address as you want it printed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders sent postpaid.
National Stationery Co.
321 N Winona, Minnesota



FREE NEW 20 EUROPE DIFFERENT

To applicants for my 1/2, 1/4, 1 and 2c approvals, also the higher priced stamps at 50 per cent discount. Send reference and receive an extra premium.

CHAS. T. EGNER

4455 Frankford Ave., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

BARGAINS

	Cat.	Net
Russia 87, 135-6-7-8.....	\$4.05	\$3.10
Nyassa 81 to 90.....	.64	.05
Ukraine 156 to 169.....	.69	.05
Bavaria 92 and 93.....	.11	.03
Cuba 356.....	.10	.02
Turkey 50 Var.....	1.75	.25
White Russia 81 to 90.....	1.00	.05

HUGH DOUGHERTY

2010 Moore Street Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Bavaria 10c.	3 Hejaz 10c.
20 Ukraine 15c.	4 N. Borneo... 05c.
25 New Zealand 25c.	8 Tunis..... 05c.
3 Iceland 05c.	500 Foreign 50c.

EDGAR B. MOREHOUSE

427 Holliday Street Topeka, Kansas

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR COLLECTIONS

100 Different, 15 cts.; 200, 35 cts.; 500, 95 cts. 1000 Hinges, 10 cts. Illustrated Album, 75 cts. Dime Packet List and 50% Approvals on request.

A. J. KOMMERS

159 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The following contain only clean, desirable stamps that it is a pleasure to show: 45 Var. French colonies for 22c.; 11 Newfoundland for 11c.; 2 stamps from each Australian State for 8c.; 3 old Hawaii for 11c. Cards for keeping loose stamps safe 6 for 15c. or 25c. per doz. Remember—for bargains in stamps—the best in stamp values are offered by

R. H. MOWER

12 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.

FOREIGN STAMPS AND COINS

Of the 19th Century

Price Lists Free

ROBERT M. LANGZETTEL

Box 734 New Haven Conn.

Beginners Special, 14c

100 all different stamps.
20 Varieties Liechtenstein.
10 Diff. from Austria and Roumania.
100 best peelable hinges.
Perforation gauge.

Price list and approvals on request.

J. W. ANDERSON

815 W. 35th Street, Norfolk, Va.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

STAMPS

BY WILBUR F. CANNON

HOW do you get stamps for a stamp collection?" asks G. A. V. H. She continues "I would like to make a collection but don't want to spend a lot of money doing it. Can you give me some advice along these lines?"

The easiest way to get stamps is to buy from a dealer. Those advertising in our columns all have many items to show you. They offer sets, packets, and approval sheets. The packets are really the cheaper way to buy. But after you have a collection of considerable size you will soon be getting duplicates. However, these you can exchange with your friends and thus get more varieties for your own collection.

Sets are the next cheapest way to purchase. Most dealers have lists offering many sets, at advantageous prices.

Approvals come next, but you have your pick of many stamps in regard to condition, centering, cancellation, etc.

Auction sales offer many lots for mostly advanced collectors. Usually rare items, large collections, and the like are sold in this manner and sometimes may be purchased at a low price. The method stamps are sold at auction through the mails, is something like this: The auctioneer issues a catalog listing, and describing carefully all lots. If you desire a certain lot, you write the auctioneer stating the highest price you will pay for that lot. If your price is the highest received you get the lot for a slight advance over the second highest bid. For example, if you bid \$20 for a certain stamp, and the second highest bid is \$15, you will get the lot for about \$16.

Remember if you buy right you can sell your collection, if you desire, making a profit.

Did you know that King George of Great Britain is a stamp collector? He started his collection when Prince of Wales, and has been at it ever since. He says: "It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life." Also, among the many other stamp collectors are the present Prince of Wales, Prince Gustavus, Prince Hiroyasu of Japan, the Sultan of Egypt, and the Queen of Italy. Truly, stamp collecting is "The king of hobbies and the hobby of kings."



Stamp Collecting

The most fascinating hobby.

Stamp Collectors always lead their classes in Geography, History. Teaches observation.

100 All Different, incl. Peru, China, Nyassa, etc., 10c.

1000 All Different, from nearly every country, \$2.00.

Fine selections sent on approval. We cater especially to Junior Collectors and Beginners.

SERVICE STAMP CO.

82 Nassau Street

New York, N.Y.

A GREAT STAMP BARGAIN

100 all different good clean Foreign stamps. 1 complete set, Ukraine. 12 beautiful French Colonies. 1000 best white peelable stamp hinges, 1 perforation gauge, 1 large Stamp as a prize, all above items for only 25c.

EDW. H. HYATT

829 Courtlandt Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City

GIRLS! 105 stamps, all different from Nyassa, Abyssinia, Turkey, etc. RARE set of stamps, 250 hinges and perforation gauge with approvals for 10 cents and two cent stamp for postage.

IROQUOIS STAMP SHOP

No. 704 Keith Theatre Building
Syracuse, New York

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE

From Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania, Poland, Ukraine, and many other countries. High Values and Surcharges, a truly Magnificent Packet, FREE if you ask for our Bargain ACE HIGH approvals, and send your parents' consent with 5c. for postage. GET YOURS NOW.

CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMP CO.

STA. F., TORONTO, CANADA

BEAUTIFUL SET of STAMPS FREE

to any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL who will write for our 50% Approvals. Postage 2c.

YONKERS EXCHANGE, YONKERS, N. Y.

1000 mixed stamps many countries.....	20
50 varieties unused stamps.....	15
100 varieties unused only.....	35
150 varieties unused only.....	60
200 varieties unused from over 50 countries—Beauties.....	90

A. R. LADWIG

4903 N. 27th Street, Omaha, Nebr.

FREE "LEADER" Packet to Approval Applicants sending 2c. stamp. Write to-day.

50 Dif. French Colonies.....	30 c.
100 New Europe (War).....	15 c.
1000 Hinges.....	10 c.

EARL STAMP COMPANY

1811 26th Ave., North Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE!

During the past month we have had many new price lists printed. Every copy contains many bargains. An envelope full of these lists (all different) will be sent you, gratis—absolutely free of charge—if you will only send your name and address. No obligation whatsoever. A post card will do. Write us today.

WILBUR F. CANNON

1413 Carey Avenue Davenport, Iowa

P. S.—We still offer you:

- 100 all different stamps..... 10 c.
- 200 all different stamps..... 25 c.
- 500 all different stamps..... 95 c.
- 1000 fine, peelable hinges..... 15 c.

Others may quote you lower prices on these, but the quality of these packets is genuinely high.

FREE 20 different stamps of new Europe with each request for my approval sheets.

J. F. MILLER

1001 Walnut Ave. Syracuse, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY PACKET

Send only 25c and receive 100 different stamps. 250 hinges. 1 set North Borneo. 1 set German Air Post. 1 set Austria Charity. Fiume (triangle), perforation gauge, and Net approvals.

CAMBRIDGE STAMP CO.

209 Hamilton St. Cambridge, Mass.

THE SELF-STARTER

Quality packet of 500 all different postage stamps and 1000 Superior hinges for only 65c Sent only to applicants for Trade-More Approvals.

TRADEMOR STAMP COMPANY

68 RADCLIFFE STREET BOSTON 21 MASS.

- 100 Different Foreign Stamps..... 8 c.
- 1000 Diff. Foreign Stamps..... \$1.49
- 10 Diff. Madagascar..... .20
- 10 Diff. Morocco..... .12
- 10 Diff. Senegal..... .17
- 10 Diff. Tunis..... .12

Real Stamp Company

611 Reed Street Department D KALAMAZOO, MICH.

FREE! Pocket stock book, value 25c., and packet scarce stamps from Turkey, Jugo Slavia, Poland, etc., absolutely free to approval applicants. Include 2c. for postage.

OLD STAMP CO. CUBA, N. Y.

USE THE KNELL MANDOLIN PICK HOLDER

A device for holding Mandolin Picks. Used and endorsed by leading teachers in America, New Mexico, Hawaiian Islands. Send 10c. for a sample holder and be convinced of the usefulness of the holder. Send me names of piano, violin, mandolin teachers and receive a sample holder postpaid. Instructive ukulele method, the only method that instructs from music. No diagrams used. Scales accompanying Recreations thoroughly taught. No teacher required. Price postpaid, \$1.00. Address your orders to

KNELL SALES CO.
3520 N. 16th St. Philadelphia, Pa.



RED HEAD

(Continued from page 35.)

not noticed, however, in the burst of applause that followed.

"Again and again the curtain rose and fell while people dashed away tears in the midst of their clapping. But, of us all it was the actress who rejoiced most. Here was a satisfaction that cannot be equalled—the satisfaction of having been used to bring genius to the world's notice. How big and splendid she was! A true worshipper of art.

"In the ovation at the end she really seemed happier over Rosemary's little share, than her own triumphant part—

"And now Red Head!" interrupted Polly eagerly. "Tell about Red Head."

"Of course, I wouldn't leave that out" said Grand Polly. "It was the actress who had insisted that Rosemary give Red Head on that first night as an encore, an unheard of generosity and so like her to do it. When the curtain was raised the last time, Rosemary was seen sitting at a piano (it had been rolled onto the stage while the curtain was down,) her face turned mischievously toward the audience. Before they could even wonder what was going to happen she struck a succession of chords, and with all the bewitching whimsey for which she is now so noted began:

"I have a cousin—Clarence James Van Austen,
His eyes wear windows and he comes from Boston,
Came for a week but only staid two days
'Cause he said I had "dis-cultured" ways;
He said, "Toodles, dear, you have a disposition
That never goes with hair so purely Titian,"

That's calling names, so I just turned right in
And I knocked the stuffins out of him.

CHORUS.

He called me Red Head, Red Head,
Ginger-bread Head,
Carrots Brick-top, Golden-rust Head,
Rote-koph and Sorrel-top!
Gee, I'd like to throw him in the pond!
Red Head, Red Head, Ginger-bread Head,
Freckled-faced, Strawberry-blond Head,
Here's a white horse, go hide your head!

Why wasn't I born a blond!"

(Continued on page 38.)

ATTENTION GIRLS!

1000 Different Postage Stamps Given in Return for a Few Minutes of Your Time

Our 1000 variety Packets contain stamps from all over the world and make a fine showing when transferred to an album. Let us tell you how you can earn one of these splendid packets by soliciting magazine subscriptions among your acquaintances. We handle every magazine published and supply our agents with catalogs, etc. This is just the opportunity you have been looking for. Write at once for full particulars.

NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY

10 Waldron Avenue, Eden Park, R. I.

GIRLS! 110 Diff. stamps from White Russia, Abyssinia, Fiume, etc. (Catalogue over \$2.50), perforation gauge, stamp wallet and 250 hinges, all for 15c to approval applicants only.

ALLING STAMP CO. 522 Bingham Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

500 FINE STAMPS

25c Including: Triangle, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Canada, etc.

JOHN HAMMOND, 1 W. FRANKLIN STREET BALTIMORE, MD.

ATTRACTIVE STAMPS

AUSTRIA 1920-1 issue "Arms Type" 80h 3, 4, 5, 10 kronen all unused mint condition.

The five stamps postfree 5c

List of Bargains sent with each order.

FRED. S. MARTIN, GREENE, N. Y.

RICHMOND'S CIRCUS

14 Rubber Stamps and Ink pad. **IDEAL GIFT FOR BROTHER** or fun for yourself. **Amusee Parade—All open cages.** Price 25 Cents

RICHMOND STAMP WORKS
Grand Rapids, Mich.

GIRLS Why be without spending money? If you live east of Ohio write for "What Others Are Doing." Societies also write.

W. W. LEGGETT

ESTABLISHED 1895 PRINCETON, N. J.

Make \$19 Per 100 Stamping names on Key checks. Send 25c for sample with your name on and instructions to **G. S. KEY-TAG CO., Cohoes, N. Y.**

\$30 a Week spare time, evenings. I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles FREE. **ALQS SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.**

Splendid Chance for Girl Scouts!

A fountain Pen—always useful—will be given to Girl Scouts for selling only 12 copies of "Hoppy Toad Tales" for 25 cents each. These delightful, illustrated, instructive tales have made a big hit with Kiddies. May we send you 12 copies today? You send no money until sold.

THE NEW ERA PRESS, 97 High Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

When writing to Advertisers kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

Manufacturers since 1869 of

NECKERCHIEFS
MIDDY SQUARES
MIDDY TIES
WINDSOR TIES

for camps and schools in many colors and qualities including the best silk and mercerized cotton grades. These may be purchased from The Girl Scout Supply Dept.

(See Price List)

Contracts solicited

STANTON BROTHERS

105-107 Fifth Ave.

New York City

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

SAMTER BROS. CO.

SCRANTON, PA.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th St., at F St., N.W.

Washington, D. C.

RED HEAD

(Continued from page 37.)

"It brought down the house, of course, and we bore Rosemary away in the midst of the enthusiasm."

"There now! My story is ended", exclaimed Grand Polly, dropping back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction. "The story of a little girl who rose from timidity to fame. Do you like it?"

"Like it!" a chorus of excited voices retorted, "but aren't you going to tell us who Rosemary truly is—?"

"Have we really seen her—?"

"Where is she now—?"

"Has she ever been here—?"

Grand Polly threw out her hands in a gesture of laughing refusal. "I have told you all I can, my dears. The rest—the story of Rosemary's full life and stage career—will be published in time. Until then, this part of her life, which I was privileged to enter into so intimately, must be told without revealing her true name."

"But is she really a famous actress?"

"Yes, she is really a famous actress," said Grand Polly.

THE END.

the prince's shoulder, and went bravely forth to take up her strange, new life in the royal palace.

THE END.

San Diego, Calif.

The Girl Scouts have a new home in the Children's Center building in the pepper grove at Balboa Park. The Children's Center is a new organization, taking up recreational work for children in the park, and the Girl Scouts have an office all their own in the building with the use of the auditorium for meetings and spreads.

Best of all is the plan by which the new home is being paid for, the girls assisting in the work which is being done for the children in exchange for the use of the building thus being of service both to Scouting and to the community at large.

Watch for the

New
Premium Page

Coming

in February

EGYPTIAN CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 34.)

And Isis was so happy, she forgave them frankly for all their cruelty and invited them to visit her.

Then the prince gathered her up in his arms, and placed her before him on his snow-white charger. Isis leaned her golden head against

PASS YOUR SEWING TEST

By Making Your Own Uniforms at Home and Save Money

With our "Ready to Sew" garments any Girl Scout can make her own uniform in a "jiffy" and have one that fits better, looks better and is better. Material all cut out. Illustrated charts and complete instruction with each garment.

PRICES OF READY TO SEW UNIFORMS

Size	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Long Coat	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$3.25	\$3.25	\$3.25
Short Coat and Skirt..	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	4.25	4.25	4.25
Skirts, Extra	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	2.00	2.00	2.00
Bloomers	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50

With each ready to sew garment the necessary buttons and G. S. lapels are given FREE

Manufactured by M. M. Anderson, Jamaica, N. Y.

On Sale
at

GIRL SCOUTS, INC., 189 Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK



THE FIELD NEWS

SECTION TWO

OF

THE AMERICAN GIRL



2 Sections

JANUARY, 1923

Section 2

"ENGLISH WEATHER"

January brings the snow
Makes our feet and fingers glow.
February brings the rain
Thaws the frozen lake again.
March brings breezes loud and shrill
Stirs the dancing daffodil.
April comes with many showers
Fills the children's hands with flowers.
May brings pretty flocks of lambs
Skipping by their fleecy dams.
June brings tulips, lilies, roses
Fills the children's hands with posies.
Hot July brings cooling showers
Apricots and gillie flowers.
August brings the sheaves of corn
Then the harvest home is borne.
Warm September brings the fruit
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.
Fresh October brings the pheasant
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.
Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are withering fast.
Cold December brings the sleet
Blazing fire and Christmas treat!

—Anon.

SACAJAWEA, THE BIRD- WOMAN

One of America's Pioneer Scouts

We have been asked for yarns to be told about the camp fire, or its winter time equivalent. Here is one about a character that should be known to all users of our Handbook. We are indebted for this to *The Detroit Girl Scout*, for October, 1922.—Ed.

Interwoven with the history of all people there is a thread of golden romance, but in the annals of no other uncivilized race, perhaps, does this shine so vividly as among the American Indians. This romance, blended with the picturesque figures of chieftains, orators, leaders, heroes, presents a living picture which throws a peculiar charm of the history around the scenes of the exploits of these natives of the Americas.

Among the many about whom is a halo of romance none commands a more intense interest or admiration than the Birdwoman of the Mandans. This little daughter of the wilderness, in whose history centers so much attention at the present time, was of the Shoshone tribe. When about ten years of

age she was taken captive by the Mandans, whose territory was on the upper waters of the Missouri River. She became the slave wife of a French voyager, Charboneau, at the age of fifteen.

Lewis and Clark spent the first winter of their expedition across the continent in the country of the Mandans, where Charboneau and his young slave wife lived. The Captains engaged Charboneau as interpreter; they thought his wife would also be of service when they reached the territory of her people.

In February, 1805, this girl wife, then but sixteen, gave birth to a son, and would have died but for the care bestowed upon her by the explorers. The gentle, engaging little Birdwoman won over the Captains and their men. Thruout the long journey, burdened with her babe strapped upon her back, she labored with the men, and through her extraordinary efficiency rendered invaluable service. The first time she proved her value through her unusual presence of mind and capability was on an occasion when a canoe, loaded with journals of the Captains, their scientific instruments and their medicines, was caught in a rapid, and was on the point of being overturned. Charboneau, who, with Sacajawea, was in the canoe, held the steering oar. Struck with fear, he set up a howling to his god. At the last moment the boat was saved from overturning, but filled with water and the lighter part of the precious cargo floated out upon the stream. Sacajawea, with her wits about her and with great courage, saved not only herself and baby, but grasping right and left secured the most valuable packages.

Late in the summer the party reached the mountains, where the canoes had to be abandoned and horses obtained, without which it would be impossible to cross the mountains to the headwaters of the Columbia. Since leaving the country of the Mandans there had not been a trace of human beings ex-

cept in camps deserted months before. As they drew nearer the mountains Indians at a distance were seen, but these hurried away out of sight avoiding contact.

At a place where it seemed the expedition must be abandoned, the Birdwoman began to dance and sing. The valley into which they had penetrated she recognized as the one from which she had been taken captive years before, and now she was among the haunts of her people. Later some squaws were brought in, who, abandoned by the Indian men, had fallen into the hands of the explorers. As the poor creatures cowered before their captors, bending their heads as if to receive a death-blow, a young girl suddenly caught sight of Sacajawea, and rushed toward her. She was of the same tribe and had been taken captive with Sacajawea but made her escape and returned to her people. The two embraced tenderly. It was the very band of the Birdwoman (Shoshones) that had been sighted.

The Shoshone women, acting as guides and intercessors, brought the warriors to Lewis and Clark. At the council which soon followed, Sacajawea began to interpret the speech of the chief, and lo! to her joy, found that it was her own brother's words she was translating. The Indian girl had made further progress possible, as a firm friendship was at once established between the explorers and the Shoshones. Horses and guides were furnished; the Shoshones passed the white feather on to the Flat-heads, and they in turn to the Nez Percés.

In the councils Sacajawea was always the most important interpreter, but not solely as an interpreter was her presence invaluable. As the party passed from tribe to tribe the sight of Sacajawea with her papoose riding with the Captains was an assurance that it was not a war party.

Of all the explorers Captain Clark seems to have engaged her

special preference. At Christmas time in the Clatsop camp she presented him with two dozen tails of the white weazel. It is pathetic to read how, at a time when starvation seemed near, with almost too great loyalty to her Captain, she gave him the piece of bread she had somehow kept for a long time, intending it for her baby in the case of extremity.

On the return trip the explorers found that the friends made through Sacajawea had remained faithful. The party did not at all times follow the route first traveled; they took new paths and sometimes felt themselves hopelessly lost, but Sacajawea always proved their deliverer. As a little child she had come with her people thru this country and with the keen sight of a migratory bird again and again pointed out the way.

When the expedition returned to the Mandan villages in the late summer Charboneau decided to again take up his abode among these people, and Sacajawea remained with her lord and master.

It is with a sense of burning injustice and a pang of regret one reads that Charboneau received for his services \$500, and Sacajawea nothing, not even her freedom—a blot upon the memory of Lewis and Clark.

The last mention made of Sacajawea is in 1811, when the traveler, Breckinridge, sailing up the Missouri, records meeting with an old Frenchman and his Indian wife, whom, he learns, had crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark. The woman seemed fond of white people, tried to imitate civilized ways in manners and dress, and in general appeared to have aspirations to something higher than slavery. She was, says the traveler, in feeble health.

When or where this life, so interwoven with the immortal achievements of the Lewis and Clark expedition came to a close, no one can tell.

After a century the women who trod the plains in the wake of Sacajawea have erected to her memory a bronze statue made of copper from an Oregon mine and designed and executed by a woman, Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver, Colorado.

This in part atones for the early neglect of the one woman who led the way across the continent through wilds and over mountains, and will stand for generations a

monument to woman's strongest characteristics—love, devotion and self-sacrifice—exemplified in this simple maiden of the forest, Sacajawea.

SCOUT LAWS IN STORY

Captains will welcome Miss Williamson's list of stories illustrating the Scout Laws. We wish that she could give us besides, her magic way of telling them.—Ed.

I. A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted

"The Story of Regulus" in Fifty Famous Stories retold; Baldwin.
"Daddy John's Debt," in the Child's Story Garden.
"The Emperor's New Clothes," in Fairy Tales; Andersen.
"Why Lincoln Was Called 'Honest Abe'," in Good Stories for Great Holidays; Olcott.

II. A Girl Scout is Loyal

"Mahola Joe," in "The Basket Woman;" Austin.
"Two Boys And The Flag," in "Patriotism And The Flag;" retold from St. Nicholas.
"Black Agnace," in "Tales From Scottish Ballads;" Giersen.
"The Man Without a Country;" Edward Everett Hale.

III. A Girl Scout's Duty is to be Useful and to Help Others

"Why The Evergreen Trees Never Lose Their Leaves," in "Good Stories For Great Holidays;" and "The Book Of Nature Myths;" Olcott.
"The Tree In the City," in "Golden Windows;" Laura E. Richards.
"Buttercup Gold," in "Golden Windows;" Laura E. Richards.
"The Sin Of The Lord Bishop," in W. V.'s Golden Legend.
"The Cup Of Water," in the "Book Of Golden Deeds;" Yonge.
"The Queen's Necklace," in the "Art Of Story Telling;" Cowles.
"The King Of the Golden River;" Ruskin.
"The Happy Prince;" Oscar Wilde.
"The Soap Making Of Remember Biddle," in "Colonial Boys And Girls;" Bailey.

IV. A Girl Scout is a Friend to All And a Sister to Every Other Girl Scout

"Margaret of New Orleans," in "Stories To Tell To Children;" Bryant.
"Damon and Pythias," in "Fifty Famous Stories;" Baldwin; Sec-

ond Book of Stories by Coe.
"Book Of Golden Deeds;" Yonge.

"Lincoln And The Little Girl," in "Good Stories For Great Holidays;" Olcott.

"The Miraculous Pitcher," in "The Wonder Book;" Hawthorne. Also in "Good Stories For Great Holidays" (Baucis And Philemon).

"St. Christopher," in "The Book Of Legends;" Scudder. In "Heroic Legends;" Herbertson.

"Father Damien," in "Heroes Every Child Should Know;" Mabie.
"Where Love Is There Is God Also;" Tolstoi.

V. A Girl Scout is Courteous

"Sour and Civil," in "The Wonderful Chair;" Brown.
"The Coming Of the King," in "Golden Windows;" Laura E. Richards.
"The Squaw With The Stinging Tongue," in "Little Tawish."
"A Good Lesson," in "Uncle Zeb And His Friends;" Frentz.

VI. A Girl Scout is a Friend to Animals.

"The Bell Of Atri," in Longfellow's poems; adapted by Baldwin in "Fifty Famous Stories."
"Androclus And The Lion," in "Fifty Famous Stories;" Baldwin.
"Lincoln And The Birds," in "Good Stories For Great Holidays."
"Florence Nightingale And The Shepherd Dog," in "Historic Girlhoods;" Holland. And "When They Were Children;" Steedman.
"St. Jerome" (Geramus And The Lion), in "Saints And Friendly Beasts;" Brown.
"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," in "The Jungle Book;" Kipling.

VII. A Girl Scout Obeys Orders

"The Knights Of Silver Shield," in "Why The Chimes Rang;" Raymond Alden.
"Cupid And Psyche," in "Good Stories For Great Holidays;" Baldwin.

VIII. A Girl Scout is Cheerful

"Pippa Passes;" Browning; Adapted in "For The Children's Hour;" Bailey and Lewis.
"What The Good Man Does Is Sure To Be Right;" in "Fairy Tales;" Andersen.
"How The Camel Got Its Hump," in "Just So Stories;" Kipling.
"The Magic Fish Bone;" Dickens.
"How One Turned His Troubles

To Some Account," in "The Wonder Clock;" Pyle.

IX. *A Girl Scout is Thrifty*

"Waste Not, Want Not;" Edgeworth.

X. *A Girl Scout is Clean in*

Thought, Word and Deed

(Thought) "Sir Galahad," in Pyle's "Champions Of The Round Table."

" "The Great Stone Face," Hawthorne.

" "The Sacred Flame," in "Fire Side Stories For Girls," Eggleston.

" "The Parable Of Girlhood," in "Fire Side Stories For Girls," Eggleston.

" "The Quest," in "Fire Side Stories For Girls," Eggleston.

(Word) "The Beauty Of The Lily," in "The Wonder Garden;" Olcott.

(Deed) "The Swineherd," in "Fairy Tales;" Andersen.

" "The Pig Brother," in "Golden Windows;" Richards.

" "Chin Chin Kokokama," in the "Tales Of Laughter;" Wiggin.

—JULIA W. WILLIAMSON, Philadelphia.

FOR COUNCILS

Week-Ends for Leaders

How many Councils are running Week-End Training periods through the winter? We have heard from Minnesota and Cincinnati, and Camp Andrée. Here is the report from Cincinnati:

"The first week-end of Leadership Training at Camp Proctor was held on November 18 and 19, with twelve members of the University class signed to attend.

"The weather was warm and bright and the house at the camp cheerful, with grate fires and furnace heat, and there were comfortable sleeping quarters for all in the infirmary.

"Our splendid camp cooks, Amanda and George, were with us and the meals were alluring to both palate and eye.

"A program was given comprising a Compass Hike, long distance signalling, trailing, nature observation for the out of door work. In the evening while roasting chestnuts in the grate the Director talked on

"The Importance of the Court of Honor." There was general discussion of Troop problems and story telling, then the Good-night Song, and bed—most of the girls choosing to sleep on the porch.

"When seven o'clock Sunday evening came everyone voted a glorious week-end, and signed up for the next one on December 9 and 10.

"During the next week-end training at camp—the weather permitting—a hike with real out of door cooking will be a feature of the program; also map making and other lines of work that cannot be done in town.

"This Leadership Training at Camp is a gift from the Council to all Leaders in Scouting. It is the sort of training that you Leaders have been asking for and it is hoped that you will avail yourselves of this splendid opportunity as often as is possible."

Councils interested in the use of their camps through the winter for hiking parties or training weeks, and week-ends can get information and directions from Miss Louise Price, Secretary of Camping.

"JUNIOR WALTER CAMPS"

You find among your Scouts some girls who love physical exercises, and no doubt some who greatly need them. But perhaps the old, time-worn ones are growing monotonous, and you are at a standstill in that regard. The world is talking "Walter Camp," and growing healthy to music; why not Scouts, at their meetings? If you are fortunate enough to possess a victrola, adapting them is a matter of a bit of study on the Captain's part, and an immediate response from the children. If you are not so lucky, the exercises can still be used, with resulting variety and success.

And for your time saving and convenience, Walter Camp has outlined and explained each of the "Daily Dozen For Juniors," in the November number of *The Health Builder*, (price 25 cents) at any magazine stand.

His articles are also given in "The Winslow Health Series," which are reviewed below.—P. A.

GOOD MORNING !!

Quiet Game, any number of players, any place. Involves perception of sound, observation, and ingenuity in disguising voice. Ar-

range players in circle, and choose "It", who stands at distance, in corner, with eyes shut. Captain then points silently to one player who says: "Good Morning, Daisy". If the speaker's name is guessed, they change places; if not, more chances are given. May be scored by patrols.

BOOK SHELF

"POSITIVE HEALTH SERIES."

Six Pamphlets; Published by Women's Foundation For Health, Inc., 43 E. 22d St., N. Y. \$1.00.

The average Captain is between twenty-one and twenty-nine. Besides her Troop work she is carrying a home or professional career, and her health problems are numerous and real. This is the time when a woman often finds that some one link in her health chain has broken, her eyes or her digestion have "gone back on her," and she begins to think about conserving her health.

The Women's Foundation For Health, Inc., has published a series on "Positive Health" which will help her to think to some purpose. These pamphlets discuss health examinations, posture, recreation exercises, nutrition, mental health and the heritage of life.

For further information regarding the program of the Women's Foundation For Health, address the Secretary, Mrs. Gertrude S. Martin.—K. D. I.

"WINSLOW HEALTH SERIES."

By C.-E. A. Winslow. Charles E. Merrill Co. 1922. New York and Chicago.

"The Land of Health." By Grace T. Hallock and C.-E. A. Winslow. For the lower grades.

"Healthy Living." Book One, for the intermediate grades. Book Two, for the upper grades and the junior high school. C.-E. A. Winslow.

This Health Series is prepared by Dr. Winslow, Professor of Public Health at the Yale Medical School, and Curator of Public Health at the American Museum of Natural History. These books are based on the combined experience of such notable workers in the field as the Child Health Organization, and the Child Hygiene Association, and Walter Camp.

The first book is made up of stories telling in the most simple

and natural way about all the things that make life healthy and happy. While it is intended for little children, younger than Scouts, it will be just as interesting for them, and for their Leaders as well.—L. S. B.

"THE GYPSY TRAIL."

An Anthology For Campers, by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins. Mitchell Kennerly, N. Y. 1922. \$2.00.

This is a book to be cherished by all Girl Scouts to whom Scouting means above all, the life of outdoors.

Readers of the "Letters Of William James," will recall Miss Goldmark as one of the privileged group of friends who, in Keene Valley and the White Mountains, blazed the trail for literary, artistic and philosophic America, in the days when camping and hiking were known only to a few.

The book, though only four by six inches, and one-half inch thick, has nearly 400 pages. Here are the headings: "The Call Of The Open," "Spring," "Sursum Corda," "Joy Of The Road," "The Camp," "Sunrise and Morning," "The Wild Wood," "Inland Waters," "The Sea," "The Hills," "The Road To Elfland," "Greek Echoes," "Comradeship," "The Pilgrim's Scrip," "Evening," "Night," and "Autumn."

All times and lands are here. Some poems are given in the original French and German.—L. S. B.

HEADQUARTERS NOTES

Discount On Orders

Attention of Councils is called to the following letter, which they may have overlooked.

To all Chartered Councils, Girl Scouts, Inc.:

The National Business Committee would appreciate the cooperation of all Commissioners, Council members and local Directors in carrying out the business policy of the organization as outlined below.

All Girl Scout equipment is trade-marked; therefore may be sold only to registered Scouts—that is, Scouts presenting their official membership cards issued by National Headquarters.

All orders sent to National Headquarters must be accompanied by cash, check, or money order, as the National Supply Department cannot carry charge accounts owing to

the large amount of capital which this would involve.

There will be no discounts allowed on orders that total less than \$25.00. On orders amounting to more than \$25.00 placed at one time, to be shipped to one address and accompanied by check or money order in payment, the following discounts will be allowed:

\$ 25.00 to \$ 150.00— 5 per cent.
\$ 150.00 to \$ 500.00—10 per cent.
\$ 500.00 to \$1000.00—15 per cent.
\$1000.00 and over—20 per cent.

In other words, when ordering goods from National Headquarters, a Local Council may deduct the proper percentage of the retail price from the payment enclosed.

The National Business Committee desires to do everything possible to assist Local Councils in ordering at the lowest rate and has, therefore, arranged the discounts quoted so that by ordering less frequently and in larger quantities the Local Councils can secure much larger discounts than heretofore, and the routine business of the Supply Department will be lessened. Very sincerely,

ALICE CASTREE WILLIAMS,
Chairman of Business Committee.

CHEAPER BOOKS

Scout Leaders who have been wanting to build up Troop Libraries, but who have hesitated because of high prices, will be glad to hear that Headquarters has made an arrangement with one of the largest wholesale dealers in books, to supply books to Local Councils at the same reduced rates that they make for the National office. The reduction amounts to 20 or 25 per cent in most cases.

The discount is made with the understanding that the books are not to be supplied to individual retail buyers at a discount, but that the organization will make and retain the profit. Orders must therefore go through Chartered Councils. If interested, apply to the National Educational Secretary.

REGISTRATIONS

On November 30, 1922, our registrations were: Chartered Councils, 298; Captains, 5,760; First Lieutenants, 3,352; Second Lieutenants, 789; Total Troop officers, 9,901; Girl Scouts, 117,280; in 5,932 Troops, making a total Troop membership of 127,181.

NEW REGIONAL DIRECTOR

National Headquarters has arranged for Miss Marjorie Edgar to do Regional work in the state of Minnesota and possibly other adjacent territory, during the next three months. She will visit all places with Local Councils and others with at least three registered troops, at a time convenient to the places in question, and give any assistance desired. Miss Ruth Samson will be Local Director in Minneapolis, during her absence.

SCOUT COUNCILLORS FOR CAMPS

As the Scout work becomes better known, demands are coming from other Girls' Camps for Councillors who are Scouts. Camp America, the largest camp for Catholic girls, plans next year to give preference to Scouts in selecting its councillors, and the Recreational Director will attend one of the Training Schools before her own season opens.

Miss Sandiford addressed the 400 girls at Mrs. Edward Gulick's camps in Vermont, on Scouting, in 1922.

The Green Mountain Camp at Brattleboro, Vt., is for rural children, and the Directors wish to have it a Scout camp. National is considering how Scouting may be extended to rural districts, and hopes to work out some scheme in connection with the United States Department of Agriculture through the State colleges.

At the Regional Training School held in Camp Low, Cloudland, Ga., Miss Hough, the Director, tried the experiment of having the leaders train at the same time as the Scouts, combining the programs so that the leaders had the opportunity of working with the troops.

IS SCOUTING HEREDITARY?

Editor-in-Chief Edey, who, in her off moments is a grandmother, has transmitted her Scout characteristics to Peter, her grandson.

Peter was watching her put away her ship's flag for the winter, according to the most approved Scout etiquette. Instinctively Peter stood at "Attention!" When the field appeared on top: "What are the stars for?" said he. "There is a star for every state," said Grandma, automatically. Puzzled for a moment, Scout courtesy triumphed over incredulity: "How pleasant for them!" said Peter.

ARE YOU READY FOR WINTER ?



RAINCOAT

We are selling this year a
**New Model Raincoat and
Raincape** which is very
practical for Winter wear.



"Made by the U. S. Rubber Co."



RAIN CAPE

PRICE, EITHER TYPE

\$7.00

SIZES 10 TO 20

SIZE SCHEDULE

Age	Bust	Length inches	Sleeve In Seam inches
10	28	36	14 1/2
12	30	40	15
14	32	44	15 1/2
16	34	46	16 1/2
18	36	47	16 3/4
20	38	48	17

NOTICE

For sizes larger than 20, three weeks' time is
required for delivery. They will be furnished
at same price.

SIZE SCHEDULE

Age	Bust	Length
10	28	35
12	30	38
14	32	41
16	34	44
18	36	45 1/2
20	38	46 1/2

OFFICIAL PRICE LIST OF FLAGS

NOTICE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

American Flags

Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8 1/2 inches		4.50

Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No.	\$1.50
-----------------------------	--------

Staffs

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.40
G. S. Emblem, Separate	3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier	2.50

Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price Each	Price for Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2 1/2 x 4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
Flag Set			\$1.25

Includes:

- 1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed 6-ft Staff
- 1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case

Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not jointed	.60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair	.75

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT (Girl Scouts), 189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Standard Girl Scout Equipment

OFFICIAL DRESS UNIFORMS



LONG COAT

READY MADE
10 to 18...\$3.50
38 to 42... 4.00

READY TO SEW
10 to 18...\$2.75
38 to 42... 3.25



SHORT COAT SUIT

READY MADE
10 to 18...\$4.50
38 to 42... 5.00

READY TO SEW
10 to 18...\$3.75
38 to 42... 4.25



SWEATERS

MIDDY WITH SKIRT



Coat Model\$6.50
Slip Over Model 7.50
(Sizes 34-40)

MIDDY WITH BLOOMER



REGULATION OUTDOOR UNIFORMS

Middy10-42...\$1.75
Bloomers10-42... 2.25
Skirt10-18... 2.00
38-42... 2.50

BE SURE TO ORDER BY SIZE

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE,

(GIRL SCOUTS)

NEW YORK CITY.

